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Original Poetry.

AN INVALID'S THOUGHTS AT LAUREL HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA ELWOOD.

I'm going home—Life is a boon
'Twere vain for me to crave;
And I have wandered here, to-day,
To look upon my grave.
Ye quiet dead, a sister waits
To share your happy rest;
Our Father wills I too shall sleep
On earth our mother's breast.

Come, love of mine, and we twain will
Among the breathless roam,
For I would grow familiar with
The tenants of my home.
Come view my rest, for God is kind,
And deems my labor done,
E'en in the morning of my life,
Ere noonday hath begun.

There stand three small graves, side by side,
A darling household band;
But ere our little ones I go
Unto the Spirit-Land.
And yet, methinks, it would be sweet,
Had some one gone before,
For all are strangers to me on
Eternity's bright shore.

But I shall never grieve for them,
Nor mourn their early death,
For I will be the angel to
Receive their parting breath.
And when they reach Eternity,
Upon Death's rolling wave,
I'll meet them, and return to God
The blossoms that He gave.

A monument now meets my eye,
Rich with the sculptor's art,
A lily, broken from the stem,
Is of its emblems part.
A husband reared that costly pile,
On this most lovely spot;
He, with his wealth, remembered her,
But with his heart, forgot.

The stem she left, ere long appeared
Bright, flourishing and green,
Sweet fragrance filled his home again,
Another flower was seen.
Ah, well she knows her place has been,
Long time ere this, supplied,
For buds of that new blossom are
Now sleeping by her side.

But, ah! no memory more fond
A slumberer could crave,
Than hers who just now placed that wreath
Upon a daughter's grave.
A *mother* loves her children first,
And when their childhood's past,
They leave her for another—but
That mother loves them last.

Oh, raise o'er me no gorgeous tomb,
But a low, grassy mound,
Where buds and blossoms, love, for thee
May plenteously abound.
And often lead our little flock
Unto this calm retreat,
And in thy bosom bear my lambs,
Till in one fold we meet.

Tell them how their fond shepherdess
Has found a pasture fair,
And waits but for their sleeping here,
To bear them gladly there.
I leave my darlings with a Friend
Who will protect and bless,
For God hath made sweet promises
Unto the motherless.

For thee,—say, would'st thou deem, beloved,
A plant thou lovedst lost,
If God was sheltering it from heat,
From chill and biting frost?
Then grieve not when, ere long, I find,
From all earth's trials, rest,
On the soft pillow that awaits
The dead on Jesus' breast.

And when this empty, waiting grave
My feeble frame shall fill,
Let all things seem as though I lived,
I will be with thee still.
Soon as death's mysteries shall ope,
And be revealed to thee,
Thou shalt behold how thin a veil
Divided thee and me.

Pictures of Life.

THE TEMPTATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM CHAMBERS'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Mure stopped Vincent to communicate the news of Bessy's return, he was trotting gayly through the village on his way to his bride. He had been two days at home for the purpose of making some final arrangements with his father, and was anticipating with a lover's delight the reunion with Emily, and the pleasures he expected to enjoy amongst a party of young people who were to meet at Mr. Halkett's that evening—pleasures, the freshness of which was not yet dashed by satiety, whilst their flavor was heightened by long abstinence, and by the peculiar circumstances under which they first presented him, for they came hand-in-hand with an ardent and well-placed affection. But the few words spoken by Elizabeth lowered his tone in a moment. The blood no longer bounded through his veins, his heart sunk, his limbs grew heavy, and the features that had been lighted up with joy a minute before were overspread with black dismay. The very horse he rode seemed to participate in the sudden depression; the brisk trot slackened, and the head that had been tossing in proud impatience dropped as he jogged sluggishly on.

Emily had been watching her lover from the window fully an hour before he arrived; and when she saw him, after putting up his horse at the Castle, walk with a slack pace and his eyes fixed upon the ground to her father's door, she, too, felt a momentary sinking of the heart—a presentiment that he was the herald of some evil tidings.

"Is anything the matter, dearest Vincent?" she said, meeting him at the door of the drawing room, and flinging her fair arms about his neck.

"No, darling; why should you think so?" answered he; but her eyes were pouring inquisitively into his face, and his could not meet them.

"I know there *is* something, Vincent, for all you can say. You cannot conceal anything from me."

"You'll make me think myself very ill presently," said he, with the slightest possible shade of temper. "You know there's a great deal in fancy. I believe I am weary of talking of business matters with my father. I assure you, a conversation with my father is not the most enlivening thing in the world."

Emily saw she bored him with her questionings, and turned the subject. "Probably," she thought, "his father has not behaved so liberally as he expected about money, and he is vexed, poor fellow! How needlessly, if it's on my account!"

"By-the-bye, dear Vincent, I've got a letter for you—a love-letter, I'm certain by the writing; and I assure you, I've been quite jealous. Let me see, where did I put it?"

"What letter?" inquired Vincent.

"A love-letter, I tell you. The postman left it below in the shop."

"How came the postman to leave my letters here?" asked Vincent, with the ready alarm of an uneasy conscience.

"Because it was directed here," answered Emily, opening her work-box. "Oh, here it is! Pray, what lady do you correspond with at Wellington, sir?" she asked, examining the postmark.

"Nobody; it must be a mistake," said Vincent, turning pale. "Give it to me!"

"I've a great mind not," she answered, "for I know it's a love-letter, because it's stamped with a thimble, and has three large kisses on it in red sealing-wax!"

"Nonsense, Emily."

"The address is charming," said she, reading it, "and does great credit to the lady of your choice:

"To Master
Vincent Holway
care of Mister Halkut
on the Lennun rode silk mercer.
Taunton."

"Pooh! it's some begging-letter, or some of my father's laborers wanting a place," said Vincent, snatching the letter from her and thrusting it into his pocket unopened. "Come and play me a tune, Emily!"

She looked at him for a moment with grave surprise, and then moved to the piano-forte.—His confusion, his paleness, his haste to put the letter out of sight, had converted into certainty what had been but the faintest suspicion. The letter was evidently that of a woman, but it had occasioned her no uneasiness—such a correspondent was not likely to be a dangerous rival; besides, it might relate to fifty things she could not guess, quite unconnected with affairs of the heart; but Vincent's demeanor betrayed him, and stamped the accident with importance.—Though it *had* been a foolish love-letter, the last flash of some boyish flirtation, had he but shown it her she would have shaken her pretty head and forgiven; but she did not like the concealment. *She* had no concealments. She had turned her heart and her memory inside out, and let him read the whole contents; and when she seated herself at the instrument the tears were starting to her eyes. But she was too wise and good-tempered to allow these feelings to get the better of her; and, after turning over the leaves of her music-book, in order to gain a little time to recover herself, she looked round to ask him what she should sing, and discovered him standing at the other end of the room with his back towards her, and the letter in his hand. She did not see it; but she was sure, from his attitude, that he was in the act of breaking the seal when she spoke. On hearing her voice, however, he crushed the paper in his hand, and, coming forward, desired her to sing what she pleased; but feeling herself too much discomposed to trust her voice, she proposed a walk, and said she would go and put on her bonnet and shawl; and the door had no sooner closed on her than he tore open poor Bessy's epistle, which ran as follows:—

"DEAR MASTER HOLWAY—A frend has rote me a letter as your to be maried to Miss Halkut and if Uncle Philpots heres it he'll be mad so Ime cumming home by the Bote as passes to-morrow and shal go to my cosene Mrs Wilson Landress where please call tomorrow nite if you get this or next morning or else at home yrs to command
"ELIZABETH MURE."

It was then as he thought; and yet not so bad as his fears had painted, since Uncle Philpots, that *bête noire* of his existence, did not appear to be coming; and if not, he might possibly contrive to keep Bessy quiet by persuasion, or by denying the report altogether. There were only two more days to get over, and then he would be safe. Once married, what could they do? This was what he was always repeating to himself, and it was this that made every week which had intervened appear a month. However, on the whole, though he anathematized the officious *friend* who had written to Bessy, he felt somewhat relieved. Uncle Philpots he knew would be unmanageable, but Bessy would be more tractable, more easily deceived. "Yes," he said, as, hearing Emily's foot on the stairs, he thrust the letter into his pocket, "I think I can quiet Bessy."

Still, in spite of his efforts to appear at ease and converse cheerfully as they walked, he was more absent than usual. More or less so he always was; insomuch that Emily had come to the conclusion that this sort of distraction was the habit of his mind. But all at once, after a silence for some minutes, he started; the movement was almost imperceptible, but she felt it in the arm she was leaning lovingly upon.

"What's the matter, dear?" she said, casting her eyes about in search of the object that had occasioned his emotion.

"Why do you keep asking me what's the matter, Emily?" he said, peevishly. "There's nothing the matter."

"I thought you started."

"I didn't start that I know of; but you're growing quite fanciful, I think."

He *had* started though, for it had suddenly flashed across his mind that Bessy had omitted to give him the address of Mrs. Wilson, the laundress. How, then, was he to call on her as she desired, and as he desired, too; since to allow her to go home without seeing him might produce very ill consequences? This was a most perplexing difficulty; and the more so because he had so little time at his disposal, for he had no excuse for not attending Mr. Halkett's dinner-table, as usual, at three o'clock, nor could he escape being present at the tea-party in the evening. It was only during the interval betwixt these two repasts that he could hope to accomplish his object, and it might take a long time to discover the residence of so obscure a person as Mrs. Wilson. What was to be done? He could not think; and the question so engrossed his mind that Emily found all attempts at conversation so ineffectual, that she relinquished the effort, and walked on in silence, till, drawing out her new watch, a wedding-present from her father, she observed that they had better turn, as they had no more than time to get home before dinner.

As lovers are seldom very conversible people in company, Vincent's abstraction passed unobserved at the dinner-table; and when Mr. Halkett rose, (and, being a man of business, he did so immediately the repast was concluded,) he made an excuse for a short absence, promising to be back to tea.

Vincent was glad to find himself alone in the street, because he could think uninterruptedly of the one engrossing subject—What should he do? How find Mrs. Wilson? He had not the slightest idea of whom to inquire her address. He went into a chandler's shop, where a man was engaged weighing out bacon for a customer, who protested against the price. The chandler of course said, that for the quality it was the cheapest bacon he had ever sold, and expatiated on the charms of its color and streaky beauties. When there was a pause in the argument, and whilst the man was enveloping the bacon in a bit of brown paper, he turned to Vincent, and asked him what he should have the pleasure of serving him?

"Did he happen to know where a Mrs. Wilson, a laundress, lived?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," answered the chandler, who thought the question extremely irrelevant. Vincent felt awkward, and the more so that the woman who was buying the bacon turned about and stared at him. His feelings towards Bessy were not improved by this incident, and he coupled her name with no blessings.

Seeing "Mangling Done Here" inscribed over a door below the level of the street, he thought he would try there. The woman was civil, but she did not know Mrs. Wilson. "There were a great many people as took in washing, and there might be one of that name, but she could not tell." A girl who had carried a pair of sheets to be mangled, said: "There was a Mrs. Jackson, a laundress, that lived along by the canal;" but that brought him no nearer Mrs. Wilson. Nevertheless this remark was not without its consequences, for the mention of the canal suggested to Vincent that he might possibly see something of Bessy by going in that direction. She had not mentioned what time she should arrive, and the boat might not be in yet. But what boat was she coming by? There were boats coming up all day carrying one thing or another. When he drew near the water he stopped, and asked a man in a blue jacket and trousers, who was standing at the door of a public-house, whether there were any passenger-boats; but the man said he was a stranger in those parts, and could not tell; so he walked on.

What augmented his difficulty was, that the evening was fast closing in; for it was yet early in the year, and there had come on within the last hour a driving mist and a thick atmosphere that made it darker than it would otherwise have been. He could barely distinguish the boats upon the water, and he made some inquiries of a man who was standing by some large bales of goods with respect to any that might have brought a passenger from Wellington. As he spoke he felt some one pull the skirt of his coat, and looking round he saw it was Bessy. She had landed about an hour before, but, having forgotten a bundle, had come back to fetch it.

"I knew it was you by your voice," she said, as he turned and joined her.

"And what has brought you back in such a hurry?" he inquired.

"Uncle Philpots!"

"Is he here with you?"

"No; but he's coming to-morrow, or next day at farthest."

This was an impromptu of Bessy's not strictly consistent with the truth; but, for the sake of all parties, and as the only means of averting worse trouble, she believed Vincent should fulfil his engagement, and quite unable to appreciate his aversion to doing so, or the force with which he was drawn in a contrary direction, she expected that with a proper exertion of influence he would yield. Uncle Philpots was her strong card, and the question had suggested the answer.

"Uncle Philpots is one as never gives up; and he says he's coming to lay the bit of paper afore the magistrates, and get justice on it."

This he *had* said more than once; he had himself threatened Vincent he would do so if he attempted to back out of the engagement; and as the young man did not know what power the paper gave them to enforce the promise it contained, it was a menace full of terror and horror to him—a terror and horror which seemed to make the black blood of vengeance rush into his veins. He felt like a victim writhing in the folds of a serpent, who, whilst he struggles to be free, longs to clutch in his hard gripe the throat of the hated monster that torments him. His brow was knit, his fist was clenched, his teeth set hard, and the breath came thick from his heaving breast; but he did not speak. The imprecations that rose to his parched lips found no voice; it might have been better if they had. They only choked him, and then fell back upon his heart, to make his blood boil faster.

Thus they walked on by the side of the canal. If Bessy could have seen his face, she might have read something there that would have silenced her; but it was too dark, and, besides, she did not look at it. Her business was to convince him that Uncle Philpots was coming, and that Uncle Philpots was a person who never desisted, never gave in, till he had gained his point. Bessy was no philosopher; she did not know that the most dire tempests of the soul often find no vent in words, as the bitterest griefs seek no relief from tears. Vincent's patient silence promised well. From Uncle Philpots she went to the baby; it was so like its father; she longed to show it him; Aunt Philpots was to bring it over with her soon; she was sure he would love it; and then it must be christened, and its name should be Vincent. She thought this would touch his heart. Poor Bessy!

Bessy was walking next the canal when she said this, and Vincent, who felt his brain begin to waver, suddenly passed behind her, and placed himself betwixt her and the water. Unfortunately, thinking he was going to escape her, she thrust her arm within his to detain him—a familiarity that produced such an access of rage and disgust that he impulsively flung her off with a violence that made her reel.

"What's that for?" she cried, with the rudeness of an untutored mind, and an angry thrust of her vigorous arm.

Then there was an indignant oath—a slight scuffle—a cry—a splash—and Vincent stood bending forward with distended eyes and open mouth, breathless and amazed, staring wildly through the misty dusk into the deep, black water. He saw nothing upon the dim surface, and turned round, hoping desperately that he was laboring under an illusion, and half expecting to see Bessy on the dry land. But a strangled scream from the canal recalled his senses; and as he beheld an indistinct object floating far out from the brink he was about to plunge madly in. The object, however, sunk; and at the same moment the noise of hasty footsteps approaching, and the glare of waving lights, appalled him. The horror of his position overpowered his reasoning faculties. The thousand circumstances of suspicion by which he was surrounded—the death-screams of the victim—the fearful temptation to which he might be supposed to have yielded—all swept like a tempest across his brain; and with one more glance at the calm, black, desert water, he turned and fled from the accursed spot.

CHAPTER V.

There was a gay little party assembled that evening in Mr. Halkett's drawing-room. The silk-mercer was a man well-to-do in the world, and being exceedingly proud of his daughter, he spared nothing to make his house agreeable to her young friends; so that betwixt his liberality and her merits they had contrived to collect a very respectable circle amongst the middle classes of the neighborhood. On this eventful night all their intimate acquaintances, both young and old, are there, as it is to be the last party before the wedding; and they are all wondering what has become of the bridegroom, especially the dancers, for there being more ladies than gentlemen, he is particularly wanted. They quiz Emily on his desertion, and she threatens to make him expiate his misdemeanor by some heavy penalty. But though she laughs she is not at ease, and those who are best acquainted with her fancy the lovers have had a quarrel; others, who comprehend her less, but still can discern the shadow on her brow, conclude her to be more offended at his absence than she chooses to own. For her own part she connects Vincent's absence with the letter; she feels certain that he is involved in some painful mystery; and a weight is on her heart which she does her utmost to conceal especially from her father, who, however, suspects nothing, and quizzes her more than anybody else.

But by-and-bye one of the maids who is assisting Emily at the tea-table whispers that she has just met Mr. Halloway on the stairs, and that he has gone up to dress. Emily feels the color rush into her cheeks at this intelligence, and her ears grow hot as they listen for the opening of the door. The candidates for tea are standing betwixt her and it, but presently she hears her father's voice saluting Vincent with a "Hello, young gentleman! where have you been to?" Others surround him, and repeat the question. What he answers she does not hear; but as he advances she steals a glance at his face. Perhaps he never looked so handsome; all the young ladies think so, for he is as pale as marble; and the dark shadows upon his brow and about his eyes, and the stern, concentrated, expression of his features, supplying the power in which they are usually deficient, make them fancy he resembles one of Byron's heroes. The fact is the tension still continues—the relaxation of fear has not yet come—he is not yet capable of comprehending his situation—he is stunned—the room and the party have something strange to him—he scarcely knows where he is—he can hardly part his lips to speak in answer to the inquiries of his merry persecutors.

"Come!" said Mr. Halkett, dragging him forward, "and try if you can make your peace with your liege lady here!"

Emily looked up, as if she had not observed him before, smiled, and nodded; and, drawing a chair beside herself, said: "Come, and I'll give you some tea!" She was not deceived. What had happened she could not tell, but she was sure he was in great trouble—more, it appeared to her now, than any slight female entanglement could account for; and she began to fancy he must be involved in some terrible pecuniary embarrassment which his father had refused to relieve him from. From whatever quarter the wind had blown that bore this evil fortune on its wings, she saw that a storm was about to break over their heads, and she resolved to stand fast by the husband of her choice, for no mean jealousy racked her: he had probably been faulty, but she did not doubt his love; and she would like to have whispered to him: "Fear not—I am yours through all fortunes; and the errors that others may condemn, I can forgive!"

He sat sipping his tea, while she talked to him in a low voice, asking him who he would dance with; and whether he thought Miss Jennings, the young lady that had come to Taunton on a visit to the apothecary's wife, was pretty; and how he liked Mr. Bartlett's grand satin waistcoat. By this means she relieved him from embarrassment and observation, and kept other people from troubling him. He penetrated her intention, and whilst he admired her forbearance and good temper, he wondered what her thoughts were.

"You had better dance with Miss Cox till I can come," she whispered; "she's a quiet little thing. Jane, come here! here's Vincent wants to dance with you;" and the quadrille being formed, he led her away.

He danced with her and others, but chiefly with Emily, that night; and often, when his hand met hers, he pressed it with fervid emotion. He had never been her equal; indeed, he was far her inferior; and whilst she was a woman, he, though older by three years, was but a boy; partly nature, but still more too rigid training, had kept him so. But though his mind now was in a sort of maze—although he was blind and deaf, and all his senses numbed, so that he had no lively comprehension of anything—though yet he saw not Bessy where she lay upon that muddy bank, with her long hair tangled and dripping over the rope that moors a barge, wherein sit three men playing with a pack of dirty cards by the light of a dusky lantern—although the dim picture is hidden from him, yet he felt there was an angel trying to uphold him in that dark sea that was compassing him about. Never were her tones tuned to so much softness! never had so much tenderness beamed from that sweet face. As she moved round the room, her eye was ever on him, to comfort and sustain; whilst, with all the tact of a woman, she defended him from the persecutions of civility, and the inexorable hilarity of her father and his friends.

The evening wore through at last; refreshments had been handed about, and the company had departed. Whilst the host and the hostess were yet saying "Good-night," Vincent went to the side-board, and drank off a glass of strong brandy and water, which had been mixed by Mr. Halkett, in the fullness of his hospitality, for somebody who would not take it. Emily's quick eye perceived what he had been doing, for the draught brought back the color to his cheeks; she comprehended the motive too and forbore to disturb the oblivion he was seeking. So, as it was late, and her father was in haste to get every body to bed, they separated for the night without any attempt at explanation.

Vincent undressed himself mechanically, lay down in his bed, and, still under the influence of the narcotic, fell immediately asleep. But by-and-bye he awoke, dreaming that he met Bessy in the street carrying a bundle, which she opened, displaying to him the livid body of a dead infant; and with a shudder he turned to sleep again. But this time sleep would not come. In spite of his efforts to suppress them, memory and consciousness would start into vigilance, and suddenly the whole dreadful truth was before him. What truth? Had he done it? He did not know. He only knew that black thoughts had started up like fiends in his mind, that in the midst of them they had struggled, and that she was dead. Then he sat up in bed, and wildly clutched his hair and gnashed his teeth, and thought of all the damning circumstances arrayed against him. How he cursed fate, himself, and her! For as yet there was no pity for that young life lost! No repentance yet for Heaven—no tears for earth. It was all wrath, and fear, and bitterness. The horrors that awaited him, the condemnation, the prison, and the scaffold, marshalled themselves in dread array; and when he heard a noise in the street, he thought it was the constables coming to seize him.

The night was not long, for they had retired late, and Mr. Halkett was an early riser. By-and-bye Vincent heard people stirring in the house—the shutters of the shop were taken down and the silk-mercer's heavy foot creaked upon the stairs. How often had the young lover leaped joyously out of bed on hearing these signals announcing that breakfast was at hand, when he should be greeted with the glad welcome of his mistress! But now, though weary of the night, he was in no haste to descend. By candle-light, and with so many objects to divert his attention, Mr. Halkett had neither remarked the pallor of Vincent's complexion, the altered expression of his features, nor the distraction of his manner; but these could hardly escape observation by daylight, with nobody present but himself and Emily. In order, therefore, not to encounter his future father-in-law, he lingered above, laving his face with cold water, till he fancied Mr. Halkett would have quitted the table, and then went below. Emily was alone, and received him with a kind greeting. She did not ask him how he had slept—his looks told her that—but she tried by tenderness and gentleness to soothe him and win his confidence; and she so far succeeded that the hard, fierce agony of the preceding hours was softened by a burst of tears. Whilst his heart swelled with unutterable anguish, he laid his head upon her bosom, and wept.

"I ask no questions," she whispered; "but if you could tell me, I might be of use. You know you can trust me!"

What a relief it would have been to tell her! But he could only weep and sob, and cover his face with his hands.

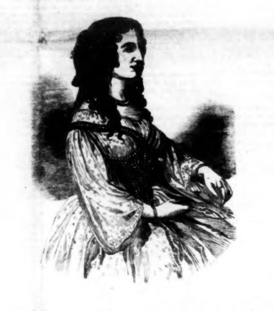
"Is there nothing I can do?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. "I must go away now to West Green; perhaps to return at night, perhaps not. If I don't come, make an excuse for me to your father."

She threw her arms round his neck whilst the tears streamed down her face. "My poor, poor Vincent!" she said, "oh if I could but help you!"

He passed hastily through the shop into the street. Luckily Mr. Halkett was in the counting-house at the back, and did not observe him. He was in the habit of speaking to the young men, but now he only waved his hand, like one too much pressed for time to stay for greetings; and so he strided through the street, his eyes upon the ground, as if engrossed with business of importance; called roughly for his horse, and instead of lounging at the inn-door till it was led out, as he was used to do, he hurried away, saying he would be back in five minutes. He filled up the interval in walking rapidly from street to street, and then returned, mounted, and trotted off. The landlord was at the door with the "Western Times" in his hand, and remarked that the morning was cold; but Vincent only nodded. Who could tell what might be in that paper?

Our Portrait Gallery.



ANNA CORA MOWATT.

The above is a portrait of Mrs. Mowatt, who recently arrived in New York from her very successful English tour. Her principal claim to distinction as an author, rests upon her Comedy of Fashion, which was brought out at New York with great success in 1845.

As soon as he had cleared the town he slackened his pace, and tried to think and form a plan of action. He saw that if he could not exercise more command over himself, he should be his own accuser. He must master his agitation, and compose his manner. His mother would observe any change immediately. He must also call on Mrs. Mure. It would be prudent to inquire if Bessy were arrived. He wished, however, to avoid going into her house—a word at the door, was better; and he was about to tap his whip against the window, but just at that moment he saw Joe Jebb leaping over a stile into the road, and to escape him he rode forward, resolving to defer his visit to Elizabeth till the next time he passed.

When he reached home his father was in the fields. He had not been expected, and his mother asked him why he had come; adding suddenly, as she looked at him, "You are not well, Vincent?"

"I don't think I am," said he; for the hint was worthy of adoption. "We were up very late last night—and late hours don't agree with me."

"Are you sure that's all? Have you any headache?"

"Yes, I have—I drank some brandy and water, and it was too strong for me."

Rachel, however, did not believe this was all, for she observed that he avoided looking her in the face.

"I hope," said she, "nothing unpleasant has happened!"

At this he fired. "What should happen unpleasant? Couldn't he have a headache without it's being supposed something extraordinary had happened?" and so forth. Rachel was only the more convinced that something *had* occurred, but forbore to trouble him further.

To escape observation, he retired to his chamber, and seating himself near the window, resting his burning brow upon his hand, he looked out upon his father's fields. With how much distaste he had many a time surveyed that smiling landscape; for what were its beauties to him who was panting for freedom and for other scenes? He had pined for the world and society, and the pleasures that young people delight in, and despised the measure of peace that contented his parents. What would he have given for that measure of peace now? The tears ran down his cheeks as he reflected how happy he had really been when he thought himself miserable—how calmly he had slept after his day's work—how healthfully awoke! Would he ever sleep or wake so more? Alas, never! Like Macbeth, he "had murdered sleep." He knew nothing of Macbeth; but the truth of the poet is the truth of all times, and the voice that had cried to the Thane of Glamis, "*Sleep no more!*" was as audible to this unhappy boy as it was to him.

Under the window there lay a dog dozing in a gleam of sunshine, and not far from him a kitten was playing with a straw. How happy they were! Everything in the world seemed happy but himself. Absorbed in his wretchedness, he forgot the flight of time, and by-and-bye his mother looked in to say that dinner was ready.

"I am engaged to dine at Taunton," he answered. But his distress was too visible to be denied—and closing the door behind her, she came towards him, entreating him in the tenderest manner that he would tell her what had happened; had he had any difference with Emily? He could only throw himself into her arms and give way to his anguish.

"I can't come down to dinner, mother," he said. "Tell my father you can't find me."

"I dare not do that," she said, "I'll tell him you are going back to Taunton; but you must come and see him before you go."

Vincent promised he would; and she quitted him, persuaded that he had had some terrible quarrel with his mistress.

As Jacob Halloway generally indulged in a short nap after dinner, Vincent waited till he was likely to be asleep; and then, descending, gently opened the parlor door. Rachel, who was sitting with her spectacles on, reading the Bible, raised her eyes, and then turned them on the old man dozing in his easy-chair. Vincent waited a moment; his father did not stir; his mother nodded assent to the glance which said, "Let me go without waking him;" and he was closing the door, when the old man, roused by the sound, said—

"Is that you, boy?"

"Yes, father," answered Vincent, returning and placing himself behind his father. Jacob held out his hand without looking round. "Shall we see you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes, father," answered Vincent, thinking an assent most likely to obtain his dismissal.

"Then I'll take my nap now, and keep what I have to say till then. Good-bye, boy; and don't let the love of the world get the better of you, nor think because the sun shines to-day it'll shine always. Keep yourself humble in prosperity, d'ye hear? When man forgets the Lord, the Lord's apt to call him in a voice of thunder."

"Good-bye, sir!" said Vincent; "I'm afraid I shall be late."

Jacob groaned reprovingly as he settled himself to sleep—and Rachel heaved a gentle sigh as she took up her knitting.

To avoid the chance of meeting Joe Jebb, Vincent rode by a by-way to Elizabeth's cottage, in so doing had to pass the spot that used to be his trysting-place in the days when he dreamed of no greater happiness than the midnight meetings with Bessy Mure. Absorbed as he was with his anxieties and fears, he had not thought of it till his eyes rested on the bank where many a moonlight night they had sat, hand in hand, revelling in the present, and forming projects for the future. His heart stood still at the sight of it. Hitherto he had thought of the tragedy only as connected with himself; it was himself he pitied—it was his own peril that engrossed him. But the sight of this spot awakened other feelings. He saw Bessy as she had been when first their love began, with the tender roses of girlhood upon her cheeks, and the bright smile of innocence on her lip; and he recalled the joys of that first harvest-home when she sat beside him, the fairest flower of them all—where was she now?

There is certainly nothing stranger in human life than the birth and death of human passion!

In the midst of all this anguish, however, the instinct of self-preservation never slept. Not to inquire if Bessy had arrived would appear suspicious; and therefore, severe as the trial was, he must call on her mother; so he rode up to the door and tapped with his whip. Elizabeth opened it herself; but she no sooner saw who it was, than without saying a word she angrily slammed it in his face. He had not the courage to ask her why, and rode on with the addition of a new source of perplexity and trouble. What could have happened since yesterday, to offend her? Was it Bessy's non-appearance; and, if so, did she connect it with him? Had Bessy told her that she meant to see him in Taunton? He hoped, however, it was only the news of his marriage that had reached her; for that which but yesterday he had feared so much had now become utterly unimportant. They could not make him marry Bessy, now!

He lingered on the road till Mr. Halkett's dinner hour was over, and till it was dusk, and then entered the town; and, after putting up his horse, proceeded to the silk-mercer's. As he approached the house he saw the errand boy trotting gayly before him, with some parcels strapped over his shoulders; and, as he passed through the shop, he heard one of the young men ask the lad, in reference to something the latter had mentioned whilst unstrapping his burthen—

"Whereabouts was she found?"

"Just close by Billings's warehouse. A rope caught her, and stopped her from going further."

And, as Vincent closed the door, he heard some one inquire if she was anybody belonging to the town.

This must be Bessy!—she had not sunk to the bottom then! Her body had floated, and ere long her *murderer* would be sought! He staggered up stairs in the dark, shut himself in his chamber, and fell upon his knees, for hope on earth had forsaken him. He had trusted she might not be found for a long time, or far from the fatal spot; but Billings's warehouse was hard by, and he discerned clearly the chain of evidence that would condemn him. The letter, his late arrival at the party, his distracted manner—all coincident with the crime. Then his inquiries for Mrs. Wilson. He was sure that woman who had stared at him so in the chandler's shop would remember him twenty years hence; and, worse than all, his questions respecting the Wellington boats! And there could be little doubt that the man to whom he was speaking when Bessy came up to him would recall the circumstance, and recognise them both. What should he do? Go and throw himself at Emily's feet, and tell her all, and entreat her to help him to fly. He had no doubt that she would; and he quitted his room, softly descended the stairs, and was just listening at the drawing-room door to ascertain if she were alone, when Mr. Halkett clapped him on his back with a jolly "hallo," and asked him where he had been all day; adding, "I didn't know you were here! There was a man just now inquiring for you, and they told me below they'd seen you pass through the shop; but the maid said she was sure you were not in the house, and I sent him away."

Vincent had no doubt that this was an officer to arrest him; and he firmly resolved, when all the household were in bed, to steal away, and make the best of his road to London, and thence if possible, across the Channel, even if he begged his way. For the present, however, he could not escape entering the drawing-room, where he found one or two of Emily's relations spending the evening with her—the last but one, as they expected before her marriage.

Vincent pleaded a violent headache, and Emily, all sympathy and consideration, bore him up as well as she could; and perceiving that it was almost impossible his agitation should escape remark, she recommended him to go to bed, that being the best place for aching heads; and, although suffering exceedingly herself from her lover's mysterious distress, she had the virtue and the strength of mind to conceal her own pain, and affect a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, in order to shield him from observation.

After fervently pressing her hand, and looking all the love and thanks his eyes could convey, Vincent availed himself of her counsel, and retired to his chamber, but not to bed. His first business was to write a few lines of farewell to Emily. These he sealed, and laid on his dressing-table. He gave no reason for his departure—he only bewailed his wretchedness; said that through his own folly and wickedness he had lost peace and her; and that, though he should love her eternally, she would never see him again.—This done, he tied up a few things in a bundle, and then sat down to wait till everybody in the house was in bed. He at length gently opened his door, and listened; not a sound was to be heard; so he took up his bundle in one hand, and the candle in the other, and descended the stairs. There were two ways of egress—through the shop, or through a private door, which last was seldom used, except when there was company. It was through this, however, he hoped to escape, as the other could not be unbarred without noise. He advanced on tiptoe towards it, and sought the key, which usually hung at the back of the door; but it was not to be seen, being at that moment securely deposited in the maid's pocket, who lay in the garret.

Here was a dreadful disappointment! He must then try the other way, and he opened the door that communicated with the shop; but in so doing his candle blew out, while at the same instant he felt himself clutched by a powerful hand—and a voice cried—"Villain! I've got you, have I?"

Exhausted by suffering, the shock was too great for his nerves, and instead of the resistance he expected, the porter that guarded the shop, and who mistook Vincent for a thief carrying away his booty in the bundle, felt the body of the prisoner slip from his grasp, and sink heavily on the earth. Whereupon he fetched a light, and, perceiving who it was he had seized, he awakened Mr. Halkett, who assisted him to carry the still insensible Vincent to his bed.—Emily was then roused, and being informed of her lover's condition, and the strange circumstances under which he was found, she expressed no surprise. On the contrary, she said, "It was nothing more than she had been daily apprehending—it having been evident to her that he had for some time been struggling with severe illness, which, from an unwillingness to lie up at such a crisis, he had labored to conceal."

CHAPTER VI.

Nine days had elapsed since that eventful night when Vincent Halloway opened his eyes after what appeared to him a long, long sleep, in which he had been harassed by the most frightful dreams. He was in the chamber in which he usually slept when at Mr. Halkett's, and everything was so quiet that he might have thought himself alone, but for a low breathing on the other side of the bed-curtain, which shaded the glare of the window from his pillow.—He would have drawn it aside to see who was there, but he found he had no power to raise his arm. The attempt, however, had not escaped the watchful ear of his nurse, and the curtain being lifted, Emily's sweet face looked in upon him.

When her eyes met his, she gazed eagerly into them, and then bending down and touching his brow with her lips, she said—

"How do you feel, dearest?"

"I don't know," he said. "I believe I'm very weak. Have I been ill?"

"Very ill," she answered; "but you have had a good sleep, and now you are going to get well. Only you must be very obedient, and not talk."

The command was not difficult to obey, for a few words exhausted him, and he was content to be silent. Presently his mother came into the room on tiptoe. Emily whispered her the good news, and she also came to his bedside, kissed him, and blessed him. He was quite easy, and seemed to himself to be lying in a sort of Elysium. So he slept and woke, and sipped things out of a teaspoon which Emily held to his lips, and asked no questions.

Gradually, however, vague recollections of the circumstances that had preceded his illness recurred to his memory; but he could not at first distinguish the real events from the visions of his delirium. Certainly the dreadful scene at the canal seemed too vivid and distinct to be a dream; but if Bessy was dead, and her body found, how came he to be left peaceably under Mr. Halkett's roof? Perhaps he was too ill to be removed; or had he escaped connection with the terrible event? But as he gained strength, wonder and perplexity, not unaccompanied by alarm, took possession of him; and, in spite of the calm and cheerful demeanor of those about him, he could not divest himself of the hourly apprehension that he should be arrested for the murder of Bessy. As time advanced, however, this fear began to be less urgent, but other anxieties succeeded it. Could he, knowing his dreadful position, dare to marry Emily? Could he allow so lovely, so pure, so noble a woman to ally herself to one who might yet be doomed to the death of a felon? He felt it was impossible. But explanation must be deferred till after his visit to his father's, whither the doctor recommended he should remove for a change of air—and Emily, who took the entire command, consented, provided she went with him, for she perceived plainly, as his bodily health was restored, that his mental disease was returning—that he had something on his mind was evident. What could this grievous secret be?

When the day arrived for his removal, a carriage was engaged to convey him. Under other circumstances how delightful such a drive would have been, with the glad feelings of returning health, and Emily by his side! But there was no gladness for him. He thought only of what he was soon to lose, and of the grim future that awaited him.

As they passed Mrs. Mure's door, Nancy ran out to see the carriage. She looked as usual, and he observed that she was not in mourning. He saw some other familiar faces—all nodded and smiled—it was evident that even there, where his connection with Bessy was known, he was not suspected of her murder. Nevertheless, his determination to relinquish Emily remained unshaken.

At first, on his arrival at home, he could not walk further than the garden; but as his strength returned, leaning on Emily's arm, he extended his rambles—and when they had a fine spring morning, they often remained abroad for hours—precious hours!—the last he was ever to taste on earth!

One day, when, after a long stroll, they were reposing side by side on a primrose covered bank, he saw Nancy Mure coming towards him with a white jug in her hand. Emily remarked that she was a pretty girl; and Vincent felt, as she drew near, that he must speak to her. That she expected it was evident, for she stopped!

"How do you do, Nancy?" he faltered out, with a husky voice.

"Very well, thankye, Mr. Halloway. I hope you're better."

"Rather better," he answered, with a sigh.

"I s'pose you know that Bessy's been very bad, and like to die? I've been up to the farm to fetch a drop of milk for her. She can't take nothing but milk, now."

Vincent gasped for breath.

"What has been the matter with her?" kindly inquired Emily.

"She tumbled into the canal, at Taunton, six weeks agone come Monday, and she caught a cold, and the doctor says it's settled upon her chest."

Emily answered that she would call and see her; and as soon as Nancy was gone, Vincent rose, trembling exceedingly, and said that not feeling very well, he wished to go home and lie down. When he found himself alone, his first impulse was to pour out his heart's thanksgivings for Bessy's escape. For a long time he wept and prayed, and soon as his mind was calmer he wrote to her, to request she would see him. It was evident that she had spared him. How could he be grateful enough for such generosity? How make her amends for his brutality and ingratitude? In the evening Nancy brought a note to say that Bessy could not come out, but that she would be glad to see him if he would call.

He went the next morning, and found her up in bed, pale and hollow-cheeked, the ghost of her former self. When he entered the room, she bade her mother and sister leave them. Vincent fell upon his knees, and covered his face with his hands, whilst the big tears streamed betwixt his fingers. His heart was rent in twain, and he sobbed like an infant in grief.

"Never mind," she said. "Don't take on so! I haven't told nobody, nor never will; and, besides, it was as much my fault as yours.—Mother sent for Uncle Philpots when she heard you was a-going to marry Miss Halkut, and he com'd just the next day; and when he found I'd been in the water, he said he knew you had done it; but I turned him off from it with laughing, and said I fell in when I fetched my bundle, 'cause it was so dark."

He thanked her again and again; but how she had escaped he could not conceive. She said that the second time she rose she had caught hold of a rope that moored a barge to the shore, and had tried to reach the land, but that it slipped from her grasp; after which she remembered nothing till she found herself in bed at a little public house, whither she had been carried.—The men in the barge, on coming from below to go ashore, had discovered her with her long hair entangled in the hawser, which had kept her head above water. Her cousin, Mrs. Wilson, surprised at her not returning, had come in search of her, and so learned where she was, and there, also, Uncle Philpots had found her. She said she had been ill ever since, from the cold she caught, and that the doctor said she would need great care.

Vincent answered that she should *have* great care; for, after what had happened, he should be an ungrateful scoundrel if he did not devote himself to watch over her health and safety.

But Bessy shook her head and said that could not be.

"It must be!" Vincent answered. "You must be my wife now, Bessy. I am determined to do what is right, and fulfil my promise."

"No, Mr. Halloway," answered Bessy, "I will never be your wife. It wouldn't be good for you nor me, I know; and perhaps it might sooner or later lead to worse than what's gone. It would never do; and I wouldn't say, if we had words, but I might some time cast up to you about the canal, and about your running away, instead of trying to save me. Uncle Philpots and I had words about it; but I told him it wasn't no use, for I wouldn't marry a man as wanted to marry another girl."

And Bessy adhered to her wise resolution.

Vincent was now free to marry Emily; even the child he was not burdened with, Uncle and Aunt Philpots having chosen to adopt it. But was he more worthy to become the husband of a virtuous woman than he was when he believed Bessy was dead? Were the black thoughts of that fatal evening—of that fatal moment—more pardonable because the life he supposed to be sacrificed had been providentially preserved?—The struggle of mind these feelings occasioned became dreadful. Whilst he believed Bessy dead there had been no struggle. His path was plain; his duty was clearly to relinquish Emily; his condition was rather that of utter despondency and calm despair. But now another element had been introduced—a small scruple of hope that, setting his mind in a ferment, robbed him of his sleep, and of what little appetite he had recovered, and Emily had the pain of seeing that he was daily losing all the ground he had gained. In short, he became so ill that, for his own part, he thought death was about to relieve him from all his difficulties; and under this persuasion he resolved, before he quitted the world, to make a full confession to Emily. He felt that his own mind would be easier, and also that it was due to her to give her that last proof of his affection and confidence; but it should not be till his end was approaching, when pity would silence reproof, and the horror and aversion she felt she would in mercy forbear to exhibit.

In the meantime Emily had her project, too, which was to obtain his confidence; but he always baffled her till, one day, when the doctor had quitted the room with a grave face, she re-entered it, with the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I see," said Vincent, "what he thinks; but don't grieve, Emily. Depend on it, it is better I should die."

"Why is it better?" she said, impatiently.—"Why will you persist in making me miserable, for you can't deceive me, Vincent? I know you have something on your mind, and you would rather die than trust me with it."

"Not from want of confidence, Emily," he answered; "but there are things it's hard to confess. I wish to retain your love as long as I can."

"True love is not easily extinguished," she replied.

"But there are things that might extinguish it, Emily. Suppose I had done something very, very bad?"

"I should be extremely sorry, Vincent—extremely sorry, indeed; and I should insist on your doing every thing you could to repair the wrong."

"But wouldn't you cease to love me?"

"No," she answered; "for what you may have done, I know not; but I am witness to what you have suffered. It must be a dreadful fault, indeed, that such sufferings would not expiate."

"I have suffered," he said, "God knows." And the tears coursed each other down the wasted cheeks. "But there are crimes I fear no sufferings can expiate."

Emily began to think he must be the victim of some delusion. What crime of so black a die and yet so secret, could a youth, situated as Vincent was, have committed? But she was resolved, having brought him thus far, not to lose the ground she had gained.

"Upon my word, Vincent," she said, smiling, "one would think you had committed a murder to hear you talk."

"And if I had," he sobbed, covering his face with his hands.

"Oh, God! Vincent," she cried, clasping hers in anguish, "don't say that! You cannot mean it!"

His reply was a relation of the whole circumstances of his acquaintance with Bessy, from the first awakening of his boyish infatuation to the frenzied ideas that had beset him at their meeting by the canal, and the catastrophe which seemed to his affrighted conscience to be their result. He concluded by mentioning the offer of reparation he had now made her, together with the different phases of his own mental struggle. "And you will agree with me now," he said, "that it is better I should die!"

"No," answered Emily, weeping; "it is better you should live and repent. Poor, poor Vincent! How little I guessed the weight that was dragging you into the grave!"

The ease of mind that followed this confession soon showed its beneficial effects upon his health, the more especially as there was no relaxation of attention on the part of Emily. She continued to tend him with the same faithful assiduity. Her cheek was paler, her lip was graver, and perhaps she was a little more reserved; but it was not till he was well enough to listen calmly to what she had to say, that she disclosed her views and resolution—a resolution which scarcely surprised him, though a latent hope he had cherished rendered the blow difficult to bear.

"I think Bessy Mure quite right in refusing to marry you," she said; "such a union would be a bond of wretchedness to both. But neither dear Vincent, must I marry you."

"I knew it!" he cried, "and yet you said that whatever I might have done, you had witnessed my sufferings, and could love me still."

"And so I do," she said. "Why else am I here? As brother and sister we may surely love each other. I was the innocent cause of your hallucination, and, depend on it, I will be faithful to you through life, and help you to sustain your burden."

Vincent felt he had no right to complain; but his heart rebelled against this decision. He was angry with the strength of mind that could form it. He said he saw she had never loved him, and was irritable and unjust; thus convincing Emily how wisely she had resolved. But she did not desert him in his weakness. She never ceased to uphold and to fortify him, both by precept and example, and by such proofs of devotion, as at length *forced from* him the confession that the love that could afford them must be rich indeed! As this conviction gained on him, he became happier. He began to appreciate the purity and loftiness of her nature, and was proud to be the possessor of such a heart. This feeling reacted on his own character; it elevated him, and made him anxious to render himself worthy of so true and noble an attachment.

In the meantime the world wondered and talked.

"Let them talk," she said; "they will weary of us by-and-bye, and find another subject."

Of course Mr. Halkett was surprised and puzzled; he wanted to see her married.

"Never mind, father!" she said. "If I don't marry Vincent Halloway, you will have me always with you; for I shall never marry any one else."

Rachel's woman heart revealed to her some inkling of the truth—that is, she guessed there had been another love, another engagement; for she, too, had witnessed her son's anguish. Jacob looked on severely. The Reform Bill being carried, his excitement had subsided, and as he rather despised himself for the relaxations it had won from him, and the follies, as he considered them, into which he had allowed his son to launch, he did not condescend to ask questions, but shut himself up in his austere silence.

Thus passed seven years. Vincent was nearly thirty, and Emily six-and-twenty—he a very different being, both morally and intellectually, from the Vincent of my first chapter. Mrs. Mure was dead, Nancy was married, and Bessy keeping house for Uncle Philpots, who was now a widower. Jacob was as austere, and Rachel as meek as ever; when Mr. Halkett, fancying he felt symptoms of declining health, told his daughter one day that he felt uneasy at the idea of leaving her alone in the world.

"You have no relations you would like to live with," he said, "and I cannot tell what you could do if I should die!"

"I hope you will live many a day, and year, too, dear father," she replied.

"Well, my love, I hope I may, for your sake; but you know I must die at last, and I want to learn what your plans would be."

"What do you think of my taking a husband?" she asked.

"I wish to goodness you would!" he answered; "but you won't marry Vincent, and you put it out of the power of anybody else to ask you. I assure you, the thought of leaving you unmarried often gives me great uneasiness."

"Well, father, as I wouldn't cause you uneasiness for the world," answered Emily, "suppose you ask Vincent if he will forgive me my caprices, and marry me after all?"

This was the way it came about, and nobody will question what Vincent's answer was. Emily continued to be his good angel after marriage as she had been before; and he was blessed in knowing that she was so.

Selected Articles.

AN INDIAN STORY.

FROM A LETTER IN THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

Beyond the meadow, so justly remarkable, on the side of the wood-covered hill, lies a large rock, brown, moss-clad and lightning-scarred, and it too has a page of interest. An Indian woman, lurking behind it while the whites were burning the village and slaying her people, was seen by one of the invaders, who immediately levelled his rifle, and shot the poor creature dead under the impression, it is said, that he was firing at one of the warriors. The Indian woman had a child in her arms, and the horror-stricken murderer, as some atonement for what he had done, after burying the mother at the foot of the rock, carried the child, so strangely baptised in blood, with him to the settlements.

If this event were not well authenticated, I should doubt its truthfulness. It is well-known that when the Mack-a-cheek villages were destroyed, the Indians received warning of the enemy's near approach, and fled. Now, what was this poor woman doing with her boy so near the scene of disaster, while her protectors were far away? I sometimes imagine causes for such strange womanly conduct. I see her stealing back to her ruined home, in search perhaps of a missing husband, old bed-ridden father, or in heart-aching search for a lost child, that she feared the heartless whites might find and bear away. Let the cause have been what it may, the poor sufferer sleeps quietly where the sassafras and elm wave above her their delicate and graceful limbs.

The history of the Indian boy is as wild as his adopting was strange. He was taken into the family of the destroyer of his mother, and treated as a member. He grew up a true Indian, scorning work, silent and wayward, but eminently handsome and graceful. He had, for a playmate, a younger daughter of his new parent, and they passed their childhood in roaming over hill and dale in search of flowers and fruit. They were then sent to school, and although he was seldom found inside the school-room, as they generally parted when in sight of the log house, he to hunt or fish all day, she to study—yet, when evening came, and the maiden wended her way home, in some wood or glen by the path, she would see his tall, dark form standing erect in the gloom of evening, waiting to guard her safely home.—If a knowledge of this truant disposition reached his adopted father, it was not from her—she loved him too well to see him beaten.

Reared thus, is it to be wondered at that the pretty girl and her Indian companion should love each other? The rosy-cheeked, large eyed daughter of the old Captain, in time, was much admired, and had many suitors, but turning to her first love. But at last a wooer came, possessed of more wealth and higher standing, and a sad conflict began in the little heart between love and pride. This sounds strange, but in those days Indians were looked upon as we look on negroes, and to marry so much beneath her, to be gazed at as one degraded and outcast, startled the poor girl. I do not know whether nature's own plead his cause or not. I like to think he did not—I see him gliding away through the still woods to commune alone, leaving love to urge his suit. Pride proved the victor. The wealthy suitor was accepted. On the day of the wedding the Indian was absent. The younger portion of the company jested at his expense, for the secret had become known. The night passed, and in the morning the agonized parents were called upon to find their daughter and her husband murdered, and the Indian gone, none knew whither, nor was he ever heard of after. The slayer of a mother wept over his murdered child, for the disappointed lover, the avenger, had done his work and passed away, "fatal as the lightning, silent as the night."

BAD CASE OF SEA SICKNESS.—The worst case of this distressing disease of which we ever heard, was that of a young "middy," whose stomach was so awfully riled by old Neptune during his first week upon the "vasty deep," that he "threw up" his commission!

Miscellaneous.

ADULTERATED TEA.

The London Lancet, in the course of an analysis of various articles of consumption, gives these conclusions in relation to the adulteration of black tea:

"That the great bulk of that article reaches the consumer in a pure state, and particularly Congou and Souchong. The result of the inquiries respecting green tea, however, led to a more unsatisfactory conclusion; for there is a very strong reason to believe, notwithstanding the evidence to the contrary, that there really exists no such thing as 'genuine green tea.'—*Thirty samples of green, on importation from China, were examined, and there was not a single leaf in any of these samples which had not received its green color by artificial means,* and the materials used in the coloring process were shown to consist of Prussian blue, mineral green, verdigris, arsenite of copper, Dutch pink, chromate of potash, bi-chromate of potash, chrome yellow, chalk, gypsum, and soapstone or French chalk, some of which are calculated to have a highly injurious effect upon the human frame, and some of a poisonous nature. This state of things would be best remedied by the reduction of the duty on tea."

Mr. Mayhew, in his work entitled "London Labor and the London Poor," states that not less than 700 pounds of old tea leaves are remanufactured weekly in London, and passed into the market as new tea, of course mixed with the genuine article. Another calculation, made by a supposed competent authority, doubles this amount, and says that not less than 1,500 pounds of this trash is sold weekly, or the immense amount of 78,000 pounds per annum in London only. The lower calculation is, however sufficiently astounding.

THE ZOMEROWSKI.—The editor of the Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer thus describes a new style of dancing, which he lately witnessed at Old Point:

"The Zomerowski is the name of a new dance, which bids fair to knock the Waltz and Mazourka, the Polka, the Redowa, and the Schottische, into a cocked hat. The last named dance is by far the most ridiculous affair that was ever participated in by sane people. We never see it without thinking of a gander balancing himself on one leg, and waddling affectionately and amorously on his favorite goose. But, from all accounts, the Zomerowski is the dance of the age. It is danced by four persons—two ladies and two gentlemen. The ladies are dressed in a frock reaching to the knee, and the continuations are of stockinet, and each wears one green and one red stocking.

"The gentlemen are dressed in shorts, and their stockings are of pink and purple colors.—The dance begins by the gentlemen turning somersets over the ladies, after which the ladies turn somersets over the gentlemen, and then the whole party turn somersets over each other rapidly, promiscuously and miscellaneously.

"During this last named movement, the performers, with their variegated costumes, present all the changes of the kaleidoscope. Those who have seen this dance, admire it greatly."

A TOWN WITHOUT A RAILROAD.—Judge Wright, of Logansport, Indiana, in a recent speech, in which he endeavored to impress upon the citizens of Cass County the condition they would be in, if they allowed their more enterprising neighbors to outstrip them in railroad matters, related the following anecdote:

"While in New York a few days since," said the Judge, "I was introduced to a gentleman of high standing in that city. To his inquiry of where I was from, I answered, Indiana. 'What part of Indiana,' said he. 'Logansport,' said I. 'Logansport! Logansport!' said he, 'I don't know where that is.' 'It is seventy miles North of Indianapolis—on the Michigan road,' said I. 'Seventy miles North of Indianapolis, on the Michigan road? I never heard of that place, Judge.' 'Not heard of Logansport!' said I, in astonishment. 'Why, sir, Logansport is a city some forty miles East of Lafayette on the Wabash and Erie Canal.' 'It is very strange, Judge, that I do not know where Logansport is. How far is it from Peru?' 'Peru? Do you know where Peru is?' 'Oh, yes, Judge, it is the terminus of the Peru and Indianapolis railroad.' 'Well, sir, if you know where Peru is, I have the honor to inform you that Logansport is eighteen miles West of that place.'"

"And thus," continued the Judge, "was I compelled in New York, to designate the locality of Logansport as eighteen miles West of Peru—the place we have ridiculed and laughed at so much during the past few years, for undertaking to build a railroad seventy miles in length."

Clippings.

☞ During a late concert at the City Hall in Manchester, several of the seats having been spoken for, were labelled "engaged." Upon the audience leaving, it was ascertained that one of the ladies walked home with the word "engaged," in large letters upon her back—one of the labels having been fastened to her dress.

☞ "Sally," said a green youth, in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half-a-foot, perhaps more—"Sally, before we go into this Museum to see the Serenaders, I want to ax you sumthin." "Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Why you see this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter a-piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuthin. Now, of you'll say you'll hev me, darn'd of I don't pay the hull on't myself. I will!"

☞ The Mayflower, with the Pilgrims aboard made the passage across the Atlantic in sixty-four days. The Baltic accomplished it in 9 days 13 hours and 45 minutes.

☞ A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered,—"I did it out of pure revenge."

☞ A Western editor who is an old bachelor, says:—"We never cared a farthing about getting married, until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our latter end may not be like his."

☞ A wag was asked what a certain office was worth in the Custom House. He replied that *it might be* worth some hundred dollars to him who, *after his death would go instantly to heaven;* twice as much to him who would go to purgatory; *and nobody knows what to him who would adventure to go to h——.*

☞ "Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

☞ The greatest cheat we ever heard of was a man who received a pig of his aged father, in barter for a lot of goods. At the turn of the year the old man received his bill, and was surprised to find that instead of credit being given for the pig, it was charged to him on the bill.—He remonstrated, but the son instantly drew a line, and deducted the charge of the pig. The old gentleman was perfectly satisfied.

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, stated on authority, that there is, at the present time, a more numerous Irish population in the United States of America than there is in Ireland itself.

☞ A gentleman of high standing was recently tried in England for thrashing another, and in justification of the deed he charged the abused individual "with making faces at his sister in church time."

☞ People use language so differently that it is often difficult to judge of what a man means by what he says, unless we are accustomed to his mode of talking. I have heard one man speak of another as being "stout and hearty," when he meant to describe the bloated appearance produced by intemperance.

☞ System sometimes costs more than it is worth. It is important to observe rules, but it is often hardly less important to break them.

☞ Those who struggle earnestly with bad feelings acquire at length the power of crushing them without a struggle.

☞ In youth men are critical, for they see others faults, but not their own. Experience makes them forbearing, by teaching them their own need of forbearance.

☞ The poor are generous. One who has but little mind is the most ready to give others "a piece" of it. I once heard it remarked of a certain person, that it was not strange that her mind was almost gone, as she had given so many people "a piece" of it.

☞ They tell a good story of a very polite Sheriff who came near being outdone by a person it was in the line of his duty to hang. "Sir," said the gentleman, as the Sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attentions deserve my thanks. In fact, I do not know of one I should rather have hang me." "Really," said the Sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."

☞ When a hackney coach runs over and kills a man, the driver always turns round and swears at him, just as if he would not have helped it if he could.

☞ The London Times reports the arrival at Portsmouth of Her Majesty's store-ship Hercules from "Halifax, *United States.*" This is rather premature, but there's no telling what may happen one of these days.—*Tribune.*

☞ "WHAT A FALL WAS THERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!"—United States Bank shares, which at one time sold for $156½ for $100 paid in, are now quoted at $1 per share! This stock reached its zenith in August, 1817, according to a correspondent of the Post, and soon after began to decline.

☞ Prejudices are opinions entertained, without good grounds or reasons for them.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4	Copies, - - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers that we expect to commence in the course of one or two weeks, a new story by Mrs. Southworth, to be called "THE SECRET MARRIAGE." It will probably run through about six numbers of our paper.

We shall print as usual an extra quantity of the early numbers of this story, in order to supply new subscribers with back numbers.

LOGAN'S SPEECH.

Our readers have seen, by our own and other newspapers, that a gentleman of Maryland, Mr. Brantz Mayer, has thrown considerable discredit of late upon the well-known speech of the Indian chief, Logan, both as to the fact of such a speech ever having been made by Logan, and as to the truth of the charge conveyed in it against Col. Cresap.

A reader of the Post in New Guilford, Ohio, who has noticed the ground taken by Mr. Mayer, has been kind enough to forward us a copy of the first number of the "American Pioneer," published at Chillicothe by the "Logan Historical Society," in 1842, which contains a full examination of this subject.

It appears that this controversy as to Logan's speech is of no recent origin. The currency given to the speech by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes upon Virginia, first called forth the denial that such a speech had been made by the reputed author, or that its allegations against Col. Cresap were true. In his Appendix to a subsequent edition of that work, Mr. Jefferson discusses at length the charges that had been made against the genuineness of the speech, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that the speech is, beyond all reasonable denial, the production of Logan. Mr. Jefferson says:

> When Lord Dunmore returned from the expedition against the Indians, in 1774, he and his officers brought the speech of Logan, and related the circumstances connected with it. These were so affecting, and the speech itself so fine a morsel of eloquence, that it became the theme of every conversation, in Williamsburgh particularly, and generally, indeed, wheresoever any of the officers resided or resorted. I learned it in Williamsburgh; I believe at Lord Dunmore's; and I find in my pocket-book of that year (1774,) an entry of the narrative, as taken from the mouth of some person, whose name, however, is not noted, nor recollected, precisely in the words stated in the notes on Virginia. The speech was published in the Virginia Gazette of that time, (I have it myself in the volume of Gazettes of that year,) and though in a style by no means elegant, yet it was so admired, that it flew through all the public papers of the continent, and through the magazines and other periodical publications of Great Britain; and those who were boys at that day will now attest, that the speech of Logan used to be given them as a school exercise for repetition. It was not till about thirteen or fourteen years after the newspaper publications, that the Notes on Virginia were published in America. Combating in those, the contumelious theory of certain European writers, whose celebrity gave currency and weight to their opinions, that our country, from the combined effects of soil and climate, degenerated animal nature, in the general and particularly the moral faculties of man, I considered the speech of Logan as an apt proof of the contrary, and used it as such; and I copied, verbatim, the narrative I had taken down in 1774, and the speech as it had been given us in a better translation by Lord Dunmore. I know nothing of the Cresaps, and could not possibly have a motive to do them an injury with design. I repeated what thousands had done before, on as good authority as we have for most of the facts we learn through life, and such as, to this moment, I have seen no reason to doubt. That any body questioned it, was never suspected by me, till I saw the letter of Mr. Martin in the Baltimore paper. I endeavored then to recollect who among my contemporaries, of the same circle of society, and consequently of the same recollections, might still be alive. Three and twenty years of death and dispersion had left very few. I remembered, however, that General Gibson was still living, and knew that he had been the translator of the speech. I wrote to him immediately. He, in answer, declares to me, that he was the very person sent by Lord Dunmore to the Indian town; that, after he had delivered his message there, Logan took him out to a neighboring wood; sat down with him, and rehearsing, with tears, the catastrophe of his family, gave him that speech for Lord Dunmore; that he carried it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him; has turned to it in the Encyclopædia, as taken from the Notes on Virginia, and finds that it was his translation I had used, with only two or three verbal variations of no importance. These, I suppose, had arisen in the course of successive copies. I cite General Gibson's letter by memory, not having it with me; but I am sure I cite it substantially right. It establishes unquestionably, that the speech of Logan is genuine; and that being established, it is Logan himself who is author of all the important facts.

Mr. Jefferson says that he quotes General Gibson's letter from memory—but that he has it "substantially right." By a reference to the affidavit of General Gibson, it appears that nothing is said about the speech being "translated," and therefore that Mr. Jefferson's memory played him false in this respect. It appears from other affidavits, of the strongest character, published in the "Pioneer," that Logan could speak English very well, and there is therefore no ground for supposing that the speech was not delivered in English to General Gibson, to be by him conveyed to Lord Dunmore.

By the affidavit of General Gibson it also appears that he (Gibson) corrected Logan when he accused Colonel Cresap; saying that it was his son, Captain Michael Cresap, who had begun the war called Cresap's War, though he (the Captain) was not present at Baker's, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio, where Logan's relatives were slain. It is very probable, however, that several of Logan's relatives were present at the first and unprovoked assault upon the Indians by Captain Cresap, at Grave Creek. Logan himself, in a letter written by a white captive at his dictation to Captain Cresap, accuses the Captain of killing his relatives at *Yellow* Creek—but the testimony does not seem to warrant such an accusation, unless he considered Captain Cresap as indirectly the author of that massacre also.

We do not think it necessary to lay all the evidence collected in the "American Pioneer" upon this subject, before the reader. To us it seems to be conclusive upon the following points: That Logan was the author, beyond all reasonable denial, of the eloquent and impressive speech usually attributed to him; Secondly, that it was Captain, and not Colonel Cresap, whose ruthless attack upon the Indians brought on the Indian war, usually called Cresap's or the Shawnese War; and Thirdly, that there is no proof that Captain Cresap was present at the Yellow Creek treachery and murder, where, among other relatives, a sister of Logan (then in a delicate condition) was inhumanly slain, and a little girl, a cousin of Logan's, captured.

We consider it not positively proved, but most probable, that some of the relatives of Logan were also slain in the two previous attacks upon the Indians, headed by Captain Cresap. Whether this be so or not, Captain Cresap, beyond all reasonable contradiction, set the ball of Indian Massacre in motion, and was thus indirectly, if not directly, guilty of the charge brought by Logan against him.

NEW FIRE ENGINE.

A petition has been presented to the Councils of this city, from Mr. W. L. Lay, asking an appropriation to enable him to build a fire engine upon a new construction, which will, he thinks, prove far more effective in extinguishing fires than the apparatus at present in use.

We are not able to speak with either approval or disapproval of Mr. Lay's plan, because we have not devoted the requisite examination to its merits. But the result of several conversations with him, has been a conviction that he is a gentleman of much ability, and one whose propositions are worthy of a deliberate consideration. We perceive that his petition has been referred to an appropriate Committee of Councils, and we trust that he will be summoned before the worthy gentlemen comprising it, and allowed at least to explain the plan in which he has so much confidence. It is not safe in this age of progress, to put aside such propositions without the requisite inquiry into their merits. It is much better that Philadelphia should originate a new fire engine, than be compelled to take it ingloriously at second hand hereafter, from New York, Boston, or Baltimore.

LIEUTENANT VAN VECHTEN'S ACCOUNT.

We exclude some original matter in our inside columns this week, for the purpose of laying before our country readers, the interesting account of the Cuban Expedition by Lieut. Van Vechten. One passage in the account will strike the reader as rather curious. We mean where Lieut. Van Vechten says that Gen. Lopez, in one of the battles, "Rode over the field, occasionally applying a *red raw-hide* with a great deal of vigor, to the shoulders of such men as he thought could be hurried into firing a little faster." It must have been the squad of banished Cubans who were served in this way, for the Americans would have been apt to have rebelled a little against such treatment.

We see by the telegraph that Capt. Kelly has also published a statement at New Orleans. He says, it is stated, that Lopez ordered Col. Crittenden to join him, which the latter refused to do; and that a guide led Lopez's company to the Spanish troops.

COST OF CALIFORNIA.

We know that California has cost the old States a great deal of life and treasure, but we were not prepared to see such a calculation as the following. The Westfield News Letter says:

> We have seen a statement that seems to be reliable, which says that we have carried into the harbor of San Francisco $500,000,000 of property. We have sacrificed 50,000 lives in California. We have lost the work and labor of 300,000 men for three years in California, and as our only recompense for all this, we have received about 80 to 90 millions of gold from the Pacific coast. And this has mostly gone to Europe to pay for importing merchandise. If we add to this the $150,000,000 spent on account of the Mexican war, we somewhat fancy that notwithstanding the immense resources of this country, we are not verging upon that "good time coming," which has so long been promised us.

An impartial and detailed account of the loss and gain by California so far, would be very interesting. Cannot some of our wise and cautious Arithmeticians furnish it?

QUITE A NOTION.

Our city government seems to be quite favorably impressed with a notion of Mr. Waterman's—one of the city fathers—to erect, with the assistance of the Legislatures of the "old Thirteen," one or more monuments in the Grove attached to Independence Hall. The original design was, that each of the Thirteen Revolutionary States should build a monument, (making thirteen in all,) commemorative respectively of its own military and civil heroes.

We would suggest to the Councils that they plant thirteen corner-stones, and trust to their growing, after the manner of the Monument to Washington in Washington Square. How many years is it since the corner-stone of that was planted, with imposing ceremonies? And it is not yet above the surface! The best part of Mr. Waterman's plan, decidedly, is the idea of getting other States to help us.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

One of the San Francisco papers advocates sending a fleet to Japan, to open with cannon-balls the ports of that country to our California trade. It considers that such a proceeding "would give general satisfaction to the civilized world, and accord with the spirit of the age." We believe it is also supposed that this would be an effectual means of promoting the spread of Christianity, "the same balls (as the New York Post sarcastically observes,) which let out the trade, serving to let in the religion."

It would be an insult to the moral and religious nature of our readers, to enter into an argument to prove that such recommendations to batter down the towns and kill the unoffending citizens of Japan, simply because they refuse to enter into business relations with us, are more worthy of pirates than of professedly Christian men.

HAYNAU.

Haynau, the Austrian butcher and woman-whipper, is playing a singular and, perhaps, treacherous part in Hungary. He has purchased an estate in the very focus of Magyarism, lavishes money upon the peasantry, pays court to the Hungarian nobles, and denounces the use of Austrian tobacco as violently as his neighbors. The "London Examiner" says:

> We will not tell our readers all the tales we have heard of this man's eccentricities; they are so incredible that we fear we should lose credit for the rest by repeating them. It is, however, certain that he speaks of himself as only the instrument (*werkzeug*) of the Austrian Government; that there is no country of which he thinks so highly as England; and that he speaks of "that affair when I was beaten in London" without the slightest rancor, declaring that he does not consider it as any insult to himself, but as a demonstration against the Emperor of Austria.

MISSING PAPERS.

We have had an unusual number of complaints of late of missing papers. We think that most of the complaints arise from the carelessness of our respectable "Uncle Samuel" and those in his employ, but we are directing our attention particularly to our own office, to see that no carelessness has been creeping in. The Post has always had the reputation of being about the most careful office in Philadelphia, and we shall strive not to lose it. In conclusion we may state, that we would rather that our subscribers would complain when they do not receive their papers, than not, as it enables us to rectify all errors of our own at once. We will always cheerfully supply missing papers when we are able to do it.

MAIL BURNED.

Two sacks of Eastern newspapers and magazines, nearly destroyed by fire, were received at the Indianapolis Post Office last week.

We do not know whether any copies of the Post were in the above sacks, but trust there were not. Probably the bags in question were filled with copies of some of our contemporaries, containing heroic articles on the Cuban Invasion. Some editorials we have seen in the papers of this city and New York were so fiery, that it would perhaps be only rational to expect that they would not be able to travel far without the occurrence of "spontaneous combustion."

THE SHANNONDALE TOURNAMENT.

We were wondering why we had not heard from "Eden," in the shape of another "Leaf from Shannondale," respecting the Tournament at that place, when a letter from her came to hand. In consequence of the amount of matter already in print at the time of its reception, however, we shall have to delay its publication till our next paper.

AMERICAN VEGETARIAN SOCIETY.—This Society recently held its Annual Meeting in this city. Dr. W. A. Alcott and others attempted to prove that man was originally designed to live upon the fruit and vegetable productions of the earth—that the Bible does not sanction the use of animal flesh as food, and that the term meat, as used in the Scriptures, signifies food. They also endeavored to show that a well-selected Vegetable Diet is preferable to a flesh or mixed diet, in a physiological point of view, by promoting health and longevity; and brought forward facts to prove that those nations who use the most animal flesh (for instance, we suppose, the English) are inferior, both mentally, morally and physically, to those that subsist chiefly upon a Vegetable Diet (as the Hindoos).

Dr. Nichols, Mrs. Gove Nichols, Dr. Elder, Rev. Mr. Metcalf, C. M. Burleigh, and others participated in the proceedings. Mrs. Nichols appeared upon the platform in the Bloomer costume. Man being defined by Shakspeare to be a "forked radish," it will be perceived that there is an obvious connection between the Vegetarian principle and the new dress.

Well, our Vegetarian friends are doing good we doubt not. That too great a proportion of animal food—especially hog meat—is eaten in this country, there can be no doubt. A larger proportion of good, ripe fruit, especially, should be consumed, and the flesh-pots resorted to only once a day, and then in moderation.

PARDON OF PRISONERS.

Concha, Captain-General of Cuba, has pardoned and sent home (paying their passage himself,) four of the Americans imprisoned at Havana. Their names are Lieut. Haynes, Lieut. Van Vechten, Capt. Kelly, and James Conolly. Concha is reported to have said that all would have been pardoned, but for the riot at New Orleans. Com. Platt, of the U. S. sloop of war Albany, had interceded in behalf of the rest, but was told that his pleadings were of no avail, and that the remainder of the prisoners would be transported to Spain. We hope Gen. Concha will be induced to reconsider this determination. The full pardon of all these men would give the people of the United States a much higher opinion of the nobleness of the Spanish character.

☞ The Order of "Good Fellows" recently turned out five hundred strong, at a parade in this city. When the *Bad Fellows* parade, look out for a procession ten miles long.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

THE MENTOR, A Magazine for Youth. The September number of this periodical is embellished with a lively mezzotint called "The Old Meeting House below the Lodge," and a number of wood cuts. The contributors are H. H. Weld, the editor, Sue Leslie, Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud, &c., &c.

THE METHODIST MONTHLY: Devoted to Religion, Education and Literature. T. N. Ralston, A. M., Editor, Lexington, Kentucky. This is a periodical of 72 pages, containing a variety of matter original and selected. The number for July and August begins with an article by Rev. J. C. Fletcher upon Dr. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné.

THE NILE BOAT; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. BARTLETT, author of "Forty Days in the Desert." New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The author of this book does not claim to compete with the numerous learned and laborious works upon the same interesting subject.—He classes himself not with "the army of erudite savans who have enlisted themselves in the study of its antiquities," but with "the flying corps of light-armed skirmishers, who, going lightly over the ground, busy themselves chiefly with its picturesque aspect; who aim at giving lively impressions of actual sights, and at thus creating an interest which may lead the reader to a further investigation of the subject."

The work is embellished with thirty-five engravings and seventeen wood-cuts, in relation to which the author observes: "While disclaiming for the text of his book any pretensions to originality, the writer is anxious to say that this is not the case with the Illustrations, of which the whole were drawn upon the spot, many of them with the Camera Lucida." This, of course, greatly increases their value. They give a liveliness to the narrative, which will make it much more taking to the mass of readers than one of a more pretentious character. On the whole, the book is very handsomely got up, and particularly readable in its style.

THE LITERATURE AND THE LITERARY MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By ABRAHAM MILLS, A. M., author of Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, &c., &c., &c. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This work has been prepared for the press from a course of lectures delivered frequently by Mr. Mills upon the same rich subject. It opens a wide field, especially as the author does not confine himself to acknowledged and exclusively literary characters, but includes some whose chief claim to distinction is of another kind, such as King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, and George Fox. However, the biographical remarks upon these and the extracts from their writings are quite as interesting in their way as the rest. In the two large volumes before us, between four and five hundred writers are noticed, beginning with Ossian and ending with Junius; including, of course, in such a number, both the small and the great. The work is a desirable one to possess for those who are interested in literature or engaged in literary pursuits, as the selections from the writings of each author are made with a taste and judgment that render them valuable for reference.

SIX YEARS LATER; or the Taking of the Bastille. In two volumes. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Author of "Louis La Valliere," "The Iron Mask," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut St.

The novels of Dumas are pretty good entertainment for those who wish to pass away time, but we do not know that they would serve any higher purpose. The present volume is disfigured by an ugly picture which libels the name of Marie Antoinette.

ARTHUR CONWAY; or Scenes in the Tropics. By Capt. E. H. MILMAN. Late of H. M. 33rd Regiment, Author of "The Wayside Cross," &c.

This is an attractively written romance. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

☞ The steamer Pampero has been quietly surrendered by Mr. Sigur, her owner, to the Collector at Jacksonville, Florida. The revenue cutter Jackson had blockaded her at the mouth of the St. John's River, near Palatka, for several days.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS.—This well known publishing firm is composed of four brothers—James, John, Fletcher and Wesley Harper.

☞ An exchange paper says a couple of short dresses made their appearance in the streets the day before. One came about six inches below the knee (estimated) of the wearer, and the other about the same distance below the neck.

☞ The New York Day-Book says the great luminary, Jenny Lind, seems to be slowly retiring from the public gaze, and the atmosphere of the musical world is becoming decidedly *Hayes-y*—an allusion to Miss Catharine Hayes, sometimes called "the swan of Erin."

☞ There are 259 miles of railroad in operation in the Island of Cuba. Showing that the island is not entirely neglected by its Spanish rulers.

☞ CURIOUS.—There is a man living at Little Hocking, Ohio, whose wife gave birth to two children; his mare to two colts; and his cow to three calves—all in one week! At last dates, all were alive and kicking. Now, that's what may be termed a tolerably prolific family.

☞ The New Hampshire Statesman says, that in 1770, Rev. Joseph Woodman was settled in Sanbornton with a salary of $200 per annum; $120 of which was to be paid in money, and $80 in labor, with the special agreement "that he should have the liberty *to preach old sermons when his health would not admit of his preaching new ones.*"

☞ A remark often strikes, not from its intrinsic merit, but from its appropriateness on the occasion, and appears flat when repeated, because the occasion cannot be recalled.

☞ Petty irritations are often aggravated, prolonged, or renewed by ill-judged apologies. Turbid waters settle best when left quiet.

☞ The importance of discoveries is often in singular contrast to the worthlessness or insignificance of the discoverers. God seems to chose such inadequate means in order to show distinctly that the good is his gift.

☞ A great mind makes public interests paramount to private. A small mind does the reverse.

☞ A man who is proud of small things show that small things are great to him.

☞ Great efforts to benefit society sometimes seem to produce little good. But the seed sown often springs up and bears fruit in after years. And one good effect is sure to follow them. They keep alive a benevolent spirit, and thus prepare the way for more successful efforts in time to come.

☞ Massachusetts is a word which signifies an arrow-shaped hill and is supposed to have been given to the surrounding country from the Blue Hills in Milton, which were formerly called Massachusetts Mount.

☞ Men in general are very willing to be led, if they are led courteously.

☞ High-colored statements, like showy daubs, attract attention, but only to produce disgust.

☞ At a banquet when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, and will not come next year?" a distressed officer starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The King was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

☞ The Egyptians sometimes pledged their mummies for the repayment of a debt. Among that people, a mummy was considered among the very best kinds of security. It is not improbable that, on this account, among other reasons, the Hebrews were told, "Ye shall not spend money for the dead."

☞ The more a man improves by the faults and follies of others, the less he has to smart for his own.

☞ Cymon says that "taking a little wine for the stomach's sake" doesn't mean drinking a quart of New England rum per day, of the "B. G." brand—as many seem to suppose.—*Carpet Bag.*

☞ James I. issued a proclamation, in which the voters for members of Parliament are directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation by stirring needless questions;" and in ancient times lawyers were not allowed to sit in Parliament.

THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.

FULL ACCOUNT OF IT BY LIEUT. VAN VECHTEN.

Lieut. Van Vechten, one of those released by the Captain-General of Cuba, furnishes the New York Herald with the following interesting account of the expedition:

NARRATIVE.

I became connected with the expedition at New Orleans, according to the 25th day of July last, on appointment as First Lieutenant of Company B, of Col. W. L. Crittenden's regiment, (1st Artillery,) commanded by Capt. [illegible]. The expedition, as you are already aware, left New Orleans, at day break, on the morning of Sunday, the 3d of August, in the steamer Pampero. We were towed to the mouth of the river, our engine being out of order. We remained in the river until Wednesday, the 6th, and left through the North East Pass, at 6 o'clock, P. M., of that day for Key West. The intention at that time was to go to Key West, and there take on board a pilot for the river St. John's—at which place we were to embark a light battery of artillery, with caissons, ammunition and harness complete, together with a number of cavalry saddles—and from thence were to run to the South side of Cuba and land as near as possible to Puerto Principe.

We reached Key West, and anchored some distance from the city, at about 3, P. M., on Sunday, the 10th inst. While at Key West, a quantity of brandy and champagne was received on board, which was imbibed tolerably freely by Lopez and his staff. About dusk of that day, no pilot appearing, Lopez called a council, composed entirely of the Cubans and Hungarians attached to his staff, (no Americans being called) who decided to give up going to the St. John's River, and run immediately for the coast of Cuba, which was done at about 10, P. M. The next morning, owing to the variation of the compass from muskets being stacked near it, we found ourselves in plain sight of the Moro Castle, and about twelve miles distant; the vessel immediately headed to the Northward and Westward, and ran out of sight of land. About 3, P. M., on that day, Lopez took the captain and mate out of a Spanish schooner, to act as pilots, giving them to understand that they would be shot if they showed any disposition to escape or deceive. At 1, P. M., we again stood in for the land, and soon after dusk sent a boat in to reconnoitre, which was hailed by a sentry on the walls of the fort, situated near Bahia Honda, the ship not being more than a mile from it. As soon as the boat reported, lights were extinguished and press of steam put on, the ship running to the Westward along the land.

About 10 o'clock, while running under the charge of a pilot, under a press of steam, the ship suddenly struck, and before the engines could be stopped, had run more than her length upon a coral reef. After examining her situation, it was found that she was lying in about eight feet of water, while her draft was over nine feet; and that it was necessary that the force should be immediately landed, which was done, and about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of August, the last of us disembarked upon the shore of what we had been taught to consider would soon be the free Island of Cuba. The first boats which landed were fired upon by a party of twenty men, who fled on their fire being returned from the boat which contained Capt. Gotti, (a Cuban commanding an American company,) Lieut. Leiningham, and about thirty privates of his company. One of Gotti's men was wounded in the arm, and returned to the ship, and the cap of the Lieutenant was cut into halves on his head.

At daylight Lopez sent a *pronunciamento* to Las Posas, a small village ten miles distant, in which he informed the inhabitants that he was about to march to that place and would give no quarter to any whom he found there, who did not join him. There being no means of transporting baggage at Cabanos, where we landed, Lopez ordered Col. Crittenden to remain there and protect our stores, consisting of 100,000 musket cartridges, three thousand muskets and seven hundred pounds of powder, in kegs, together with the personal baggage of all the officers, saying that he would march on to Las Posas, with the regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Downman, and send from thence transportation, and that he would remain there until joined by Crittenden. Accordingly Lopez marched at 8 o'clock, with three hundred and twenty-three men, leaving Crittenden at Cabanos, with one hundred and thirty men. At 11 o'clock that night, Crittenden received two carts, and started immediately after, to join Lopez at Las Posas.

The carts being heavily loaded and the roads bad, our progress was of necessity slow, not advancing more than a mile an hour. About two hours after daylight on the morning of the 13th, we reached a house containing a store and grog shop, about four miles from Las Posas. The advance guard and main body only had reached the house, (the rear guard with the carts being still some quarter of a mile behind) and were engaged in eating breakfast, their arms being laid aside, when they were surprised by the report of musketry and the whistling of bullets, which proceeded from the advanced guard of a body of the enemy, five hundred strong. We immediately seized our guns and killed nine of the enemy, and made one prisoner, none of our party having been injured. Not seeing any more of the enemy, the Colonel concluded it was but a foraging party that had attacked us, and our rear guard having come up with the carts, ordered us to resume our breakfasts, which we did. About ten minutes after we were again attacked by the whole force of the enemy, they having the advantage of position, being posted on the brow of a hill overlooking our position, with a belt of chapparal, some three hundred yards wide, intervening, over which we could not fire. Crittenden immediately gave the order to charge, leading himself, and forced the enemy to retreat to a large body of chapparal some seventy-five or eighty yards in the rear of their first position, from which they opened a heavy fire upon our force as soon as it appeared in sight on the brow of the hill.

Finding that he could not maintain that position, Crittenden gave an order to retreat to the house, which was done, while the enemy resumed his position on the hill and again opened his fire; upon which Crittenden ordered a second charge, at the same time saying that he wished a small party to attain a position at the right flank of the enemy, to charge from that side the same moment he charged from the front. Second Lieut. W. H. Crafts, (also of Company B,) and myself volunteered, and succeeded in attaining the position with twenty men. After remaining in it for about half an hour, and hearing nothing of Crittenden, we returned to the house, where we found Capt. Kelly, of Company A, with ten men, guarding the carts, but could hear or see nothing of Crittenden. The enemy soon after advancing towards the house, we were compelled to retreat, leaving our baggage and stores; and that night, or rather the next morning, we succeeded in forming a junction with Lopez at Las Posas, half an hour before his march from that place. At the same hour that Crittenden was attacked at the hacienda, a body of the enemy, eight hundred strong, under Gen. Enna, attacked Lopez at Las Posas.

After a hard fight of over two hours the enemy retreated, leaving the Americans masters of the field, and over two hundred of their number (among whom were several of their highest officers) dead and wounded—the American loss being, in killed, wounded and missing, only about thirty men, among whom Colonel Downman and Lieut. Labisan were killed, and Gen. Pragay and Captains Brigham and Gotti were mortally wounded. After the action, the Spanish wounded were brought in, and as well taken care of as circumstances would admit. Lopez rode entirely unarmed over the field, through the hottest of the fire, occasionally applying a red raw hide, with a great deal of vigor, to the shoulders of such men as he thought could be hurried into firing a little faster. On the morning of the 14th, at 2 o'clock, Lopez marched from Las Posas into the mountains, leaving there seventeen wounded Spaniards and thirteen of our side, all of whom were bayoneted by the Spaniards, and their bodies piled in a heap, crossways, at the foot of a hill.

Two days after, (on the 16th) Lopez was again attacked by three hundred lancers and six hundred infantry while encamped at a hacienda which formerly belonged to himself, but was confiscated some three years since. Here the action lasted from 12 to 2 o'clock, on one of the hottest days I ever experienced. The enemy were again compelled to retreat, with a loss of three hundred and twenty men; and at the same moment that the retreat of the Spaniards in one direction was reported to Lopez, he issued an order to his own force to retreat in an opposite, and actually, that day, made a forced march of eighteen miles in five hours, over a mountain road. On the 19th, being still on the mountains, we were overtaken by a severe rain storm, which destroyed the greater portion of our ammunition, and rendered our guns entirely useless. We encamped on the evening of that day at a rancho on the foot of the mountains, about two leagues from Bahia Honda. We remained undisturbed that night; and were attacked, just at breakfast time on the morning of the 20th, being taken by surprise, the sentry on the outpost having left his post to wash himself in a creek, where he was killed. Owing to the unserviceable condition of their arms, the force under Lopez was completely routed, flying to the mountains in all directions—Lopez himself barely escaping on horseback, with the loss of his saddle, pistols and spyglass—of every thing, in fact, but what he wore. That night he encamped on the top of one of the highest mountains on the Island of Cuba, exposed to all the violence of a terrific norther, without neither shelter, fire or food.

It is impossible for me to describe the sufferings of that night. Heaven forbid that I ever should pass such another. The rain fell in torrents, while ever and anon a terrific crash would announce that some massive tree had fallen, either before the force of the wind, or the still mightier lightning. That night equalled an ordinary lifetime. On the evening of the 21st, having been forty-eight hours without eating, we killed a horse, which was divided among one hundred and twenty-five men, who were all that now remained with Lopez. We wandered through mountains, unable to extricate ourselves, subsisting on such leaves and roots as we could find, until midday of Sunday, the 24th, when we succeeded in reaching a road running from Bahia Honda to San Cristobal, along which we advanced until nearly night, when two Spanish lancers were discovered advancing, but fled on seeing us. A halt was immediately ordered, and an examination made of the state of our forces, which showed a total of one hundred and twenty-five men, eighty muskets, about twenty of which were serviceable, and about forty dry cartridges. Under this state of affairs, it was deemed advisable to retreat, which was ordered, and a pursuit commenced by the enemy, who lay in ambush some few hundred yards in advance, with a force of nine hundred men. On the approach of the enemy, the whole force of Lopez separated into small bodies, and dispersed through the mountains, throwing away their guns and every thing which could encumber them in their flight, seven men only remaining with the General. A large number were overtaken and immediately killed. I, myself, was one of a party of eight who had previously determined on leaving Lopez, and attempting to escape from the Island.

We remained in the mountains until the morning of Tuesday the 26th, when having had but one meal in six days, and feeling that we could bear it no longer, we determined to go into the plains, considering that it would be better to be killed outright than die a lingering death from starvation, which we certainly would do in the mountains.

We accordingly advanced to a house where we were treated with a great deal of kindness, and received a most excellent breakfast. An arrangement was made to procure a guide to the North shore, with provisions, &c., and we were about to leave and conceal ourselves until night, when, in the twinkling of an eye, we were surrounded by 200 armed countrymen, who immediately bound us securely, and treated our pockets, considering the contents lawful plunder. That day we reached San Cristobal. Until we reached San Cristobal, we were under the impression that we were to be immediately shot, our only consolation being that we were to die with full stomachs.

On our arrival there we were informed that a proclamation had been issued ten hours before our arrest, sparing the lives of all "filibusteros" who were made prisoners, or gave themselves up, within four days, except the traitor Lopez, after which, an order, dated, I think, the 24th of April, (by which all foreigners found in the island were ordered to be put to death,) was to continue in full force.

On the 28th, there being 47 prisoners, we left San Cristobal for Havana, and on Friday night reached Guanajay, the terminus of a railroad from Havana. There an order was received from the Captain-General to proceed to Mariel, and embark, he being fearful that the prisoners would be torn to pieces by the rabble at Havana. We reached Mariel on the evening of the 30th, and were embarked upon the steamer Almendares, to proceed to Havana, when an express arrived, bringing information of the capture of Lopez, and the steamer was delayed to await his arrival, which took place at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, the 31st, when we immediately left for Havana. Lopez was entirely at liberty, and smoked his cigarette with apparently as much unconcern as he ever did in his life. Outside the harbor of Mariel, Lopez was transferred to the steam frigate Pizarro, which conveyed him to Havana, and which he did not leave until he left, next morning for the place of execution.

The remainder of us were confined that night in the City Prison, in the rear of the fort called the Punta. The prisoners passed through a regular process, their hair being first cut close to their heads. They then passed into the hands of another barber, who deprived them of their whiskers; then another provided them with a prison uniform, and the ceremonies were terminated by a big negro, who securely fastened them in pairs by a chain, similar in size and weight to a log chain, firmly secured to the ankle.

At the time of my release from prison, which was at 10 o'clock on the night of the 4th inst., there were 160 of our force prisoners. They were all chained, and confined in one large room, hardly large enough, however, for all to lie down at once. They were treated very kindly, and allowed all the privileges that could be expected. As a matter of course, where so many men are confined in a limited space, and not allowed to leave it under any circumstances, it naturally follows that it must be very unpleasant. Their sentence is ten years' hard labor in Spain, probably in the construction of a canal. They all appeared to be in good spirits at the time I left, being under the impression that they would soon be released after their arrival in Spain.

Lopez was brought from the Pizarro, and publicly garroted in the square adjoining the prison, at 7 o'clock in the morning of Monday, 1st of September. With him ended not only this expedition, but I sincerely trust all expeditions to Cuba.

Up to the time I left, the Spaniards could account for two hundred and seventy-one Americans—including Crittenden's command—whom they had killed, that is, in action; wounded men who were left on the field, and sick and fatigued men who gave out on the march, and were left behind, and men whom they hunted down in the mountains with dogs. These, with the one hundred and sixty taken prisoners, make a total of four hundred and thirty-one men accounted for—leaving a balance of twenty-two men whose fate is yet unknown—the total force landed being four hundred and fifty-three men. Of these twenty-two, probably the greater portion are yet alive and in the mountains; and as the troops have all been recalled to Havana, it is probable some of them may yet succeed in getting home. Out of the whole number made prisoners, but two others beside myself, have been pardoned. These are Col. Haynes and Capt. Kelly, whom the Captain-General pardoned, and sent home, unsolicited. They were to leave Havana for this port in the packet ship Norma on Friday. My own release was granted as a special favor to Captain Charles T. Platt, of the United States ship Albany, on board of which I was conveyed by aid of the Captain-General, at 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the ship proceeding to sea immediately. His Excellency sent a government tow-boat and pilot to take her out.

Lopez was caught with bloodhounds, in the mountains, on the morning of Friday, the 29th inst. The dogs being some distance in advance of the men, bit him badly in the left leg. There were seventeen countrymen in the party who captured him, each of whom was publicly presented with $1,000 and a cross of honor immediately after his execution.

Let us now review the cause and results of this expedition. At the time I received my appointment from Mr. Sigur, one of the editors of the New Orleans Delta, I was told by him that a revolt was regularly organized among the Creoles throughout the Island of Cuba; that they had elected General Lopez as their leader; and their object was to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, and either form a Republic of their own, or annex the island to the United States. He told me that Lopez was about to leave New Orleans for Cuba, with about five hundred Americans; and that his landing was the signal for a general rising, and that within ten days after landing he would be at the head of an army of ten thousand men; that there were also two whole regiments of Spanish troops to come over to him with their equipments. The same story was told to all. Was it so?

As I have already stated, our first salutation was a volley of musketry, instead of, as the Delta asserts, a large body of friends, with horses, stores, &c., for our use. Instead of finding the Creoles our friends, we found them our most bitter enemies, far more so than the troops—keeping the troops constantly informed of our movements, and hanging on our skirts, putting to death, without mercy, all those who straggled on the march. Of the troops I cannot but speak in praise, without a single exception. They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, segars, bread, tobacco, and aguadiente, freely, and from their own small means. I imagine no one will say that we had a right to expect such treatment. Our conduct forced and demanded their respect, but certainly we had no claim either on their sympathy or generosity.

Much has been said relative to the execution of Crittenden and his men. Among all the prisoners now in Havana, much as they admired Crittenden, there is but one opinion, and that is, that the execution was justifiable—was merited. That they were deceived all know; but that was no business of the Spanish authorities. Surely the provocation received was sufficient to justify not only the execution of those men, but of every man connected with the expedition. Why, look at this affair in its proper light! Where, even in history, in the annals of the world, do you find a similar occurrence? Here four hundred and fifty men, without having received the least provocation, leave their homes, and invade the shores of a perfectly peaceful island, expressing a determination to take that island from its lawful owners, by force. Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature; and if the law will uphold and protect that American citizen, who, without hesitation, shoots down the midnight robber in defence of his property, certainly that law will uphold the officers of the crown of Spain in exterminating a band of men who attempt to wrest its brightest jewel from that crown. I consider that every man connected with that expedition deserved death. At the time I was made prisoner, I fully expected it, and, although the reflection was any thing but pleasant, my own conscience told me that it was just. Crittenden, with his force, not only committed a crime in landing on the island, but actually committed an act of open piracy in taking those vessels in which he was caught, the punishment for which is, by the laws of all nations, death.

Much has been said relative to the mutilation of their bodies. Certainly I was not present at the time, and cannot speak positively, but I cannot learn from a reliable source that such was the case. I have conversed with the officers of the U. S. ship Albany on the subject. They are men of high standing in society, and they assure me that such was not the case—that they were shot in accordance with military usages on such occasions, and that the only thing that occurred that could be condemned was the way in which they were dragged to and thrown into carts by the negroes ordered to bury them.

It has been reported that Crittenden wrote home that he had been abandoned by Lopez, without arms or ammunition. I do not believe that Crittenden ever wrote anything of the kind. Attached to his command—in hourly contact with him—I knew him, and do not hesitate in saying that a braver, nobler, more honorable man than Wm. L. Crittenden, never lived. Instead of having no ammunition, he had all, and was particularly selected to guard it—that being a most difficult and yet honorable service. Lopez did not desert him, but in leaving him, in dividing his command, committed one of those errors which eventually cost him his life; but had Crittenden, on the morning of the 13th, gone on and joined Lopez at Las Posas, instead of retreating to the sea, all would have been well—then he would have lost only the stores; as it was he lost all. Why he did so, is inexplicable, and must ever remain involved in mystery.

Had Lopez carried out his original intention of landing near Puerto Principe, the result might perhaps, have been different—he might there, perhaps, have found friends, and raised a force sufficient to sustain itself until reinforcements were sent out from the States. In landing where he did, Lopez without doubt acted as he thought for the best; but there, as in many other instances, he erred. Of his personal courage there is no doubt; but when we speak of military knowledge, of judgment, of his ability to lead an expedition, I say at once he had neither. Lopez was probably as much or more deceived than any man in the expedition. His ambition led him to be the tool and victim of heartless speculators. Avarice, not philanthropy, was the main spring of this expedition.

I now distinctly, openly assert that all those letters purporting to be from Cuba, which were published during the month of July last, and copied throughout the Union, were base forgeries, for the express purpose of deceiving the citizens of the United States, and advancing the sale of Cuban bonds. Knowing the ambition of Lopez, and that strong disposition to extend the glorious boon of freedom which fills the breast of every American citizen, these speculators in human blood took advantage of their knowledge to further their own end. They well knew how little effort was required to start and keep alive this excitement. They thought, or at least they fondly hoped, that more men would go out to join this little band, and that eventually the island would be free. Cuban bonds were worth, or were selling at from 10 to 20 cents on a dollar, when this expedition left. Naturally they would increase in value, as the prospect of liberating Cuba became more certain; and if this expedition succeeded as they pretended to think it would, Cuba when liberated from what they denominated the tyranny of Spain, would have been burthened with a debt of from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, at least fifty per cent. of which would have been in the pockets of these would-be philanthropists, who, [illegible] as they wished to be thought in the holy cause of liberty, took the best of good care to [illegible] for their own precious liberty in the [illegible]. At the expiration of the war, and after Cuba should have become free, then it was to be annexed to the United States, and as a matter of course the payment of those Cuban bonds was to be assumed by that Government. What do they care for the mothers, wives and sisters of the gallant men who formed this ill-fated expedition, who have been rendered utterly wretched and miserable forever? They do not feel the chains, the anguish, borne by those one hundred and sixty noble fellows, doomed to spend the best ten years of their lives in a Spanish prison. No; they feel the blood money in their pockets, and laugh over the result of their speculation. They are the men to be punished. It is on them the shades of our murdered countrymen call for vengeance. Heavy, indeed, must be their punishment, when, at the last day, an offended and just Judge shall demand of them retribution for their deed.

This is, I believe, a correct account of the causes, proceedings, and results of the unfortunate expedition. I have endeavored to give an impartial account, and if any man, either North or South, considers himself aggrieved by any remark contained herein, I will endeavor to afford him such satisfaction as the nature of the case may demand. There have also been, I understand, some reflections made on the conduct of our Consul at Havana, Mr. Owens, and also one of the officers of the Albany, at the time of the execution. At that time, Mr. Owens not only was unable to do anything to assist them, but, as I am informed and believe, was actually in danger himself, from the rabble at Havana, a guard of Spanish soldiers having been placed over his property and person by order of the Captain General. As for the Albany, she was powerless, on that occasion. Her officers and crew, to a man, sympathised with and deeply regretted the melancholy fate of their unfortunate countrymen; but they could do no more. My word for it, if ever an opportunity should occur, the officers and crew of that ship will not only uphold the honor of the American flag, but add new laurels to its wreath.

And now, in conclusion, let me, through the medium of your columns, return my sincere thanks to his Honor the Mayor, to Colonel O'Hara, Captain Cary, and other citizens of Key West, for the many kindnesses and attentions shown to me, assuring them that I shall ever remember them with gratitude.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

PHILIP S. VAN VECHTEN,

Late 1st Lieutenant Cuba Expedition.

Foreign Items.

Our advices are by the Pacific, which brings dates to September 2. Cotton had declined ⅛d.

All circulars agree in stating a decline of one to two-pence in Wheat, and six-pence to one shilling in Flour since the sailing of the Niagara. Corn has been in very limited demand, but is not lower.

We have, by this arrival, the news, officially authenticated, of the discovery of gold, in great profusion, in the neighborhood of Bathurst, New South Wales. The whole colony, at the latest advices, was in a state of great excitement, and people were thronging to the locality in immense numbers.

It is proposed to reduce the entrance fee to the Great Exhibition to sixpence. The average receipts are now about one-third less than they were a month ago.

The success of Mr. Hobbs, the American mechanic, in opening the celebrated Bramah lock, (for which a reward of 200 guineas was offered,) has caused a great excitement among locksmiths, bankers, jewellers, and all persons interested in the manufacture or security of locks. Meantime, Messrs. Bramah, dispute, on technical grounds, Mr. Hobbs' title to the reward.

The London Chronicle says that Mr. Steers, the builder of the yacht America, has already received orders for three yachts for English gentlemen, and that many of the English yachts are to be lengthened, and otherwise Americanized. The America has been sold to Colonel De Blaquiere for £7,000, or $35,000. She cost $20,000 here.

In France, votes in favor of revision of the constitution continue to pour in on all sides from the Council-General.

In the absence of everything else, the English journals are filled with detailed accounts of the Queen's journey to Scotland.

Several correspondents state that the potato disease had appeared to a very considerable extent in different parts of Ireland, but will not materially affect the supply.

The match between the Yacht America and the Titania, came off on the 27th ult., the America being again victorious, and coming in many miles ahead of her adversary.

It is said that Russia has seconded Austria's endeavor to prevent the release of Kossuth, and has addressed an energetic note to England and the Sublime Porte, protesting against the liberation without the consent of Austria.

The crew of the American bark Coquette had been murdered in China near Formosa.

In France, the Councils General continue to record their votes in favor of a revision of the Constitution and the re-election of the President.

The harvest in France has been completed, and, on the whole, is rather better than an average crop.

Duke Ferdinand, of Saxe Coburg, and brother to the Duchess of Kent is deceased.

A telegraphic despatch from Naples of the 21st ult., states that the town of Bavilli was swallowed up by an earthquake, and that seven hundred bodies have been recovered from the ruins.

Hobbs, the American, has succeeded in opening Bramah's celebrated lock, and claims the £200 reward.

P. T. Barnum has artists employed sketching the Crystal Palace for a panorama, which is to be three miles in length.

The Queen of Holland has been safely delivered of a Prince.

A curious claim has been put before the Judges of the London Exhibition. A crack brained poet put a volume of songs and ballads in the Exhibition; everybody thought of course it was intended as a specimen of typography and bookbinding, but he insists upon it as a specimen of poetry *per se*, and now calls for the first prize for himself as the first of poets.

The surprise which the performances of the yacht America has occasioned in England, has induced several yacht builders there to offer to construct vessels to run against her. A celebrated builder has offered to build, in three weeks, a yacht that will sail against the America, for £500.

A FEMALE WARRIOR.—Here is an item from France which we have not before met with:

At the head of the list of a fresh batch of Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, just created, is a lady named Brulon, who enjoys the rank of a Lieutenant of Invalides, and whose long military history is probably without a parallel in the Amazonian annals. She is the daughter, the sister, and the widow of a soldier. Her two brothers died on the field of battle in Italy. Her husband was killed in Ajaccio, in 1791. The following year she entered, at the age of 21, in the 42nd Regiment, in which her father was serving. She was allowed to remain, although her sex was known, and she made seven campaigns between the years 1792 and 1799, rising through the several gradations of fusileer, corporal, quarter-master corporal and sergeant. In 1794, she commanded a detachment of her regiment, and repulsed an attack upon the fort of Gesco, on which occasion she was wounded in each arm. Afterwards, at the siege of Calvi, she received so severe a wound in the left leg, that she was disabled, and on the 24th Frimaire, 1799, she was admitted into the Hospital of the Invalides. She received from Louis XVIII., an officer's commission, in these words: "This day, Oct. 2, 1822, the King being in Paris, having full confidence in the valor, good conduct, and fidelity of Madame Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin, Widow Brulon, his Majesty has conferred upon her the honorary title of Sub Lieutenant of Invalides, to take rank from this day. His Majesty desires that his General and other officers to whom it may appertain, will recognize Madame Duchemin, Widow Brulon, in this capacity." Lieutenant Widow Brulon, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, is now 80 years old.

☞ A Western man says that on hearing Yankee Doodle performed on an organ in Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence and a couple of Bunker Hills rising up in his bosom.

☞ If, in the year 1762, it required at least one-eighth of the British Navy, and all the disposable force of the army, to obtain possession of Cuba, with its then sparse population, what could Lopez expect to effect in 1851, with 500 men?

☞ A genius out West has invented a new kind of dwellings. They are made of India rubber, and are so portable that you can carry a row of three-story stores in your hat.

☞ The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a Proclamation, announcing that on the 1st of September, $659,122.98 of the public debt of Pennsylvania was extinguished—that amount of State stocks having been purchased, and the certificates cancelled. This makes the present debt of the State $40,116,362.44.

☞ What lady ever went out for an hour, and on returning, did not find that some one whom she particularly wished to see, had called during her absence!

General News.

NEW MODE OF LOCOMOTION.—We have heard of a new style of carriage to be used on common roads and in the streets of the city, to be propelled by the weight of a single man. The structure is [illegible], with driving wheels four feet two inches in diameter, with an elegant wire frame-work body, with seats for two persons over the front wheels, which are four feet in diameter. A speed, equal to fifteen miles per hour, can be easily attained, although it is designed to run but about ten miles per hour. This new carriage is the invention of a well known city mechanic, who proposes to make a public exhibition in the streets sometime during next week, when the utility of this novel mode of locomotion will be fully tested.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FLAG OF LIBERIA.—It is announced in the Liberia Herald, that the following flag and seal have been adopted as the insignia of the Republic of Liberia, and ordered to mark its nationality:

Flag.—Six white stripes with five red stripes alternately displayed longitudinally. In the upper angle of the flag, next to the spear, a square blue ground covered in depth five stripes. In the centre of the blue one white star.

Seal.—A dove on the wing, with an open scroll in its claws; a view of the ocean, with a ship under sail; the sun emerging from the waters; a palm tree, and at its base a plough and spade; beneath the emblems the words "Republic of Liberia;" and above the emblems the national motto, "The love of liberty brought us here."

PITTSBURG AND ROCHESTER RAILROAD.—A meeting has been held at Pittsburg in favor of the project of a railroad from that city up the Allegheny to the Pennsylvania line, there to connect with the Rochester and Olean Railroad. Messrs. Smith and Blossom, of Rochester, were present, and spoke of the great advantage of the enterprise to the cities of Rochester and Pittsburg, forming, as it would, the nearest and cheapest route between the cities of New Orleans and New York. They added also, that the citizens of Rochester had already subscribed $300,000 to the beginning of their end of the enterprise. A Committee was appointed to obtain additional subscriptions.

FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.—The first locomotive ever used in the United States, is still in good running order on the Little Schuylkill Railroad. It was built in Liverpool, England, by Edward Bury. At that time it was necessary to send a man from England to put the engine in running order on the road. It was but twenty years ago, that Edward Bury's engine was placed upon our road. Since then, the iron track has been extended throughout our land; the fierce breathing of the iron horse is heard in almost every valley; the ingenuity of our own mechanics enables them to supply our own engines, and even furnish them to nations across the Ocean. We're a progressive people.

THE PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—CHANGE OF DAY.—The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Fair, resolved to change the day of holding the Fair to the 29th, 30th, and 31st of October. This is on account of the Maryland State Fair being held on the days previously fixed, and the Pennsylvania Society "desire to reciprocate civilities with, and promote the success of, all other Societies that have for their object the improvement of agriculture and the mechanic arts."

Clippings.

☞ The Rochester American says Chief Justice Jarvis has decided that if church bells are a nuisance to those living in the neighborhood, they must not be rung, or else taken down.

☞ There are said to be about one hundred ladies in Seneca Fall, the residence of Mrs. Bloomer, who wear the Bloomer costume, and it has become too common there to excite any attention whatever. Ladies wearing the new costume are frequently seen in Philadelphia, especially of evenings.

☞ As the world seldom judges charitably, and looks rather to our acts than our motives and circumstances, St. Paul very wisely enjoins upon us to avoid even the appearance of evil.

☞ PARTY JARGON.—Every party, in every country, have a vocabulary of *court phrases and unmeaning terms*, which they use to *mislead the multitude.*—*Paley.*

☞ GEN. LOPEZ'S SONS.—The Nonpareil, of Cincinnati, states that two sons of Gen. Lopez are among the students of St. Xavier College, in that city.

☞ A writer in the Richmond Whig pronounces horehound an infallible remedy for the cure of distemper in dogs. It should be boiled to a strong tea, with a piece of lard added thereto, (say as large as a hen's egg) and given as hot as the dog can bear.

☞ When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall *die* like beasts, they will soon be brought to *live* like beasts also.

☞ A QUEER SUBJECT FOR A SERMON.—Bryant, in his "Letters of a Traveller," relates that while at Glasgow, he attended one of the Free Churches, and listened to a sermon from Dr. Lindsey. At the close of the exercises, the preacher announced that there would be a third service in the evening—"the subject will be the thoughts and exercises of Jonah in the whale's belly."

☞ One asked a barber who never before had been at court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "*the King was excellently well-trimmed!*"

☞ A friend of ours thus eulogises his musical attainments: "I know two tunes; the one is Auld Lang Syne—the other isn't—I always sing the latter.

☞ SELDOM SICK.—The Emperor of China is not apt to be sick long at a time, because the moment he is "taken," he stops the pay of his four doctors.

☞ TOMATO WHISKEY.—A citizen of Norfolk has, during the present season, made the experiment, and succeeded in distilling a quantity of spirits from tomatoes. It is of the most delicate and pleasant flavor, superior to, but strongly resembling in taste, the finest Scotch whiskey.

☞ EXCELLENT.—Punch says, an astronomer being asked what the use of an eclipse was, replied,—"Oh, I don't know. It gives the sun time for reflection."

☞ Accounts from Hungary state that the inhabitants have almost universally given up smoking.

☞ It is estimated that 8,000,000 pounds of wool have been sent to the Eastern market this season, from the State of Ohio.

☞ A Havana letter in the Orleanian states that a "son of Gov. Quitman was killed in the battle of the 13th," between Gen. Lopez's forces and the Spanish troops.

☞ Mr. Hosea Barnes, living near Havre de Grace, raised, on about an acre and a half of ground, sixty bushels of wheat, weighing sixty-four pounds to the bushel, on stock ground.

☞ General Gaitan, of New Grenada, says that the President of the Republic has ordered him to visit the Generals Garibaldi and Avezana, and say, that if they will honor the Grenadian service by entering the ranks, they have only to notify to Congress their willingness to accept the offer, and they will be immediately admitted in their class. If the Executive of the Republic had the power, (adds the Consul) it would of itself make the nomination, as a tribute of respect due to the sacrifices and the devoted patriotism of these estimable men.

☞ JENNY LIND.—The Inquirer is authorised to say that Jenny Lind will give two concerts in Philadelphia during October or November.

☞ The wife of the Rev. W. H. Smith, of Barren Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa., died recently very suddenly. She was apparently in the enjoyment of good health, and died without an apparent pang, and in the full vigor of life. Her last words were addressed to her husband—"Have you watered the flowers?" and before he had time to answer, her head fell back, and she was a corpse. The immediate cause of this sudden death is unknown. A *post mortem* examination was held, but no trace of any kind of disease was discovered by the physicians. Truly this seemed to be "the visitation of God."

☞ Every mechanic, actor, dancer and singer is now called an "artist," or *artiste*. A colored boot-black up town, does up the *distingue* for his name and business in the following style, which is a verbatim copy of his card: "Mons. G. Washington Jones, Polish Artist."

☞ The celebrated Dr. Bently, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his ministerial brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said: "He wasn't going to have any strange hogs rooting in his sty."

☞ In one of the Unitarian societies in Boston, there are ten gentlemen who are, unitedly, worth more than ten millions of dollars. It is presumed that the minister does not often allude to the "camel" and the "needle's eye."

☞ Some doctors treat their poor patients in the same way that men do their sick horses—if they cannot cure them, they kill them at once, and so put them out of their misery, and save the trouble of taking care of them. This is good economy, and perfectly fair, for what right has a man to be forever dying, if he can't pay the doctor's bill.

☞ The writings of Shakspeare have recently been translated into the Swedish language, and extensively circulated.

☞ Signor Giovanni Vitelli, "professor of music," having got into the Court of Chancery, turns out to be "John Whittle."

☞ To know how bad you are, you must become poor; to know how bad other people are, you must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be careful, and not mistake principles for potatoes.

☞ When travelling, put your watch and wallet at night into one of your stockings, and then place the stocking under your head. It will then be impossible to leave them, unless you have been accustomed to go barefoot.

☞ To reduce the cost of a first-class dwelling all that's necessary is to get four fighting families to hire the house next door.

☞ The brig [illegible], recently seized for smuggling powder into Cuba, has been given up by the authorities, and the captain and mate released from prison.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 13, 1851.

REMARKS—The weather has been quite warm during the past week. The late foreign advices are favorable for Cotton, and holders have been enabled to realize a further advance. Breadstuffs have been in limited demand, but prices of Flour, Wheat and Corn are a trifle higher. In Groceries and Provisions there is no material change to notice; the stocks of the latter are quite small, and prices tend upward. There is an active demand for Coal for the supply of Eastern markets, and the amount going forward is large. Money continues in active demand, but the rates of discount are unchanged. Exchange on England is firm at 110a110½, with but a very small amount of Bills offering.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been very quiet during the past week; there has been some little demand, and prices have advanced 12½c per bbl; sales of 4,000 bbls fresh ground at $3,81¼a3,87½, closing at the latter rate, including some extra at $4,62½, and some half bbls at $4,12½ per pair; moderate sales for city consumption, within the range of $3,81¼a4,62½ for common and extra brands, as in quality. Rye Flour has not been inquired after; holders nominally ask $3,25. Corn Meal is steady; sales of 1,300 bbls, part at $2,87½ per barrel, and part lining and delivery off.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 11th inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	7,690
do.	half bbls	913
Rye Flour,	bbls	20
Corn Meal,	bbls	273

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been small. There has been a good demand, and prices have slightly improved; sales of 20,000 bushels good and prime new Southern red at 83c per bushel, including some small lots of white at 85a90 cts, and old Pennsylvania white at 90a91c. Rye comes in slowly, and commands 60a65c for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn is very scarce, and has advanced; sales of 12,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 64a65c, afloat. Oats have been in fair request, and 6a7,000 bushels, mostly Delaware, sold at 33½a34c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Beef is held firmly; small sales of Mess at $16,25a16,50, and Prime at $13,25a13,50 per bbl. In Beef no change. Bacon is in good demand, and prices firmly maintained; sales of 400 casks Hams at 10a11½c; Sides 10½a10⅞, and Shoulders at 8¼a8½c per lb cash. Small sales of Lard at 9½a9¾c per lb in bbls, and 10½ cts in kegs, now held higher. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing among the Jobbing houses for the supply of the Western dealers; prices continue to rule very low, particularly for some descriptions of Foreign Goods.

BARK—Has been more inquired after; sales of 250 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $24,50 per ton, which is a decline, and some at $24.

BEESWAX—Is scarce and wanted at 26c per lb cash, at which some further small sales have been made.

CANDLES—The demand continues limited for all descriptions, but prices are unchanged.

COAL—The demand for shipment is active, and a number of the dealers having more orders than they can fill rather better prices have been realized; sales of Schuylkill White at $3,25a3,31¼, and Red Ash, on board at Richmond, at $3,62½a3,75 per ton. No sales of Bituminous Coal have been reported.

COFFEE—The stock is much reduced, and prices are firm; sales of 2,000 bags, mostly Rio, at 8½a9½c per lb on time, and a cargo of Laguayra on private terms.

COPPER—Is dull; sales of English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 16½c per lb cash.

COTTON—The stock is small, and since the receipts of the late foreign advices from Europe, holders have been enabled to realize a further improvement; the sales comprise 800 bales Upland and New Orleans within the range of 8a11½c per lb on time.

The following is a statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports, from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1851.	1850.	1851.	1850.
N. Orl'ns, bales,	947,741	795,677	14,168	28,967
Mobile	433,675	331,493	27,409	11,582
Savannah	307,572	330,423	982	5,380
Charleston	385,475	360,747	11,150	23,226
Florida	178,329	180,462	4,993	1,685
Texas	45,594	30,614	521	164
Virginia	19,149	9,277	1,906	400
N. Carolina	13,418	10,065	250	200
Other Places	——	——	39,294	74,254
Total	2,330,144	2,069,726	109,366	155,258

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, bales,	151,064	
	Mobile,	102,182	
	Charleston,	4,728	
	Texas,	14,980	
	Virginia,	9,913	
	North Carolina,	3,353	—285,200
Decrease—	Savannah,	22,851	
	Florida,	1,933—	24,784
	Total increase this season,		260,416

DRUGS AND DYES—There is a moderate business doing without any material change in prices; sales of 50 casks Soda Ash at 2½a2⅝c per lb; 30 cases E. I. Castor Oil at about $1 per gallon, and 50 casks Sal Soda on private terms.

FEATHERS—Continue very scarce; small sales of good Western at 37a38c per lb, cash.

FISH—There is a fair demand for Mackerel from store, and prices are steadily maintained; small sales of No 1 at $12, No 2 at $10, and large No 3 at $5,50 a5,75 per bbl. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet; sales of 100 boxes Lemons at $3,75a0, and 500 half boxes Raisins at $1a1,06¼.

GINSENG—But little offering. Small sales of Crude at 30a35c per lb cash

GUANO—Is in moderate request at our former quotations.

HEMP—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have transpired this week.

HIDES—No further arrivals. Sales of 6,000 Porto Cabello reported on terms kept private.

HOPS—Are dull. We quote first sort at 30a35c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm. Small sales of Caraccas at $1,10 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market continues inactive, and the sales have been confined to a few hundred tons of Anthracite at $21, 6 mos for No 1, and $19,50a20 for No 2. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—The market is dull; sales of 2,000 pigs Galena have been made at a decline; exact price kept secret.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand for all descriptions without change in prices.

LUMBER—Prices are steady, but there is less activity. Sales of White Pine Boards at $12a14 per M feet, and Laths at $1,40 per M.

There were shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 6th inst.

	Feet	1,449,691
Previously,		26,341,504
Total,		27,790,195

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet. The sales comprise only 1a200 hhds Cuba at about 20c, and Trinidad at 24c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—In Rosin no change. Small sales of Tar and Pitch at $3 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is firmer; small sales at 35a37c, cash and on time.

OILS—Fish Oils are held firmly, with a moderate store demand. Linseed Oil is dull, and sells freely in small lots at 74a75c in casks and bbls. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER has come in more freely, and prices are lower. Three or four cargoes sold at $2,50 per ton.

RICE—The demand is limited; small sales at 3¼ a3¾c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—Three cargoes of Turks Island has been disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There has been considerable movement in Cloverseed, and about 7,000 bushels have been taken for shipment on terms kept private. Timothy ranged from $2,62½ to 3. Flaxseed is worth $1,40a 1,45 per bushel.

SPICES—Small sales of Pepper at 9c per lb.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are steady. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 27a28c. Whiskey has advanced; sales of 3a400 bbls at 22½ cts. Hhds are scarce, and sell at 22½a23c.

SUGAR—The demand is moderate, and prices fully maintained; sales of 400 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a6½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Small sales of City Rendered at 7½a 7¾c per lb.

TEAS—There is a moderate inquiry for the supply of the country trade, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—The market remains inactive, but prices are unchanged for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The demand has been limited, as the manufacturers purchase cautiously, and prices are rather in favor of buyers; sales 40,000 lbs, within the range of 35a48c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull. We quote Flour 1s per barrel; Grain 4a4½d per bushel, Heavy Goods 17s 6d, and Bark 30s per ton. Colliers are scarce and in good demand at 90a95c per ton to New York; $1,25 to Albany, Providence and Fall River, and $1,30a1,35 to Boston.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 2,200 head—of which about 1,300 head were driven to N. York. Beeves are selling from $5 50 to 7,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $5,50 to 6 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $16 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

CUBAN ITEMS.

The sympathisers with Lopez are represented to be a few large proprietors, of ambitious views, and some discontented men of desperate fortunes.

It was reported that it was dangerous for Americans to go through Havana, but this is not so. Passengers and crew of the Empire City were in the city and even the country, and were not even molested or insulted in the slightest manner.

Among the relatives of Gen. Lopez in Cuba, are, his brother-in-law, the Count of Pozos Dulces, a nobleman of great wealth and high character; Madame Frias, widow of a nobleman of wealth, is his sister-in-law. He had other near relatives. They all left town previous to the execution, unwilling to be near on such an occasion. Gen. Lopez was 55 years of age. He has a son 18 years of age, studying in Switzerland. His wife is in Paris. The General was very wealthy, but spent his income as fast as he received it. In this, and the previous unfortunate expeditions, he lost very large sums.

The editor of the N. Y. Mirror has conversed with a gentleman who stood within a few feet of Lopez at the execution:

> He confirms the account of the bearing of the victim at the scaffold, and also describes the mode of death as being more instantaneous than hanging. Lopez mounted the platform with a firm step, dressed in white, looking haggard and sad beyond description. The life and soul of the man was already gone before the executioner did his work. He was permitted to say a few words, relating to *himself only*; and these were, in effect, that he "forgave everybody and wished everybody to forgive him. That he died for his beloved Cuba." He was then seated in a sort of chair, the collar was adjusted, and by the touching of a spring, the weight of two thousand pounds snapped the neck, and his hands, which he held clasped before him, fell upon his knees, the only motion that indicated death. His body remained four hours, until the face became entirely black, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and the burning indignation of the multitude. From this eye-witness of the scene, we learn that the feeling of hatred against "the pirates" was intense and universal among all classes; so much so, that even the negroes who lifted the bodies of the victims into the hearse, at Atares, *handled them roughly*; and this gave rise to all the horrible stories of *post mortem* insults and mutilations.

It will be seen that this last statement confirms our supposition, made on the arrival of the reports of mutilation, &c.

In relation to Crittenden's party, the N. O. Delta says they were too much overcome by fatigue and hunger to think of resistance. They were on the water twelve hours. Capt. Sevier (executed at Havana) says in his letter, "We surrendered voluntarily; I doubt if many of the poor fellows could have lifted a musket were it in their possession."

At the interview between Commander Platt and the 57 prisoners now in Havana, the following presented themselves as the only officers:

> "James A. Kelly, of New Orleans, formerly of Bayou Sara, who held the rank of captain in the expedition; Robert M. Grider, of New Orleans, a native of Kentucky, a lieutenant in the same; J. D. Baker, of ——, also a lieutenant.
>
> "No other officer of the expedition presented himself. They were informed that I had obtained permission to visit them, and that my object was to obtain from them any information they might choose to give, which would be forwarded to the Government of the United States, and, perhaps, might be the means of deterring others of our countrymen from placing themselves in the same deplorable situation.
>
> "They were told distinctly that they were in the power of the Spanish Government, and that nothing could be done for them as Americans, inasmuch as the President's Proclamation had declared that any persons joining an invading force would thereby forfeit the protection of the Government of the United States. This was said to prevent their forming any false hopes from my visit.
>
> "The information obtained was given in the presence of the entire party, by the aforesaid officers, and, being uncontradicted by any of them, may be regarded as the testimony of the whole.
>
> "They stated that the expedition sailed from New Orleans in the steamer Pampero. They were not sure of the exact number comprising it, but thought it was 487. That it certainly did not amount to 500. Before landing in Cuba, they anchored near Key West, where they remained several hours, and were visited by some citizens of that place. They landed in Cuba about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of August. Their first fight took place on the 13th. From that period they had lost all recollection of dates. They had five engagements, but could not tell how many of their number had been killed. They were armed with condemned muskets; had no rifles; but many individuals had revolvers and knives. They brought with them 80,000 cartridges, and captured many more after landing. They had no artillery. Soon after landing, they found they had been deceived, and became anxious to return home. They had been informed before sailing, that fourteen towns were in possession of the 'Patriots,' (to use their own language) and that the whole island was in a state of revolution. They suppose that the fifty men captured with Col. Crittenden were endeavoring to make their escape. They so infer from the fact that they were all dispirited by the reception they met with, and disgusted, as they said, with the 'lies and deception' practised towards them.
>
> "The country people generally fled at their approach, and none joined them. Worn out with hunger and fatigue, the men composing this body threw away their arms a week or ten days previously—they could not distinctly remember when. They had not, at that time, heard of the offer of life to such as would give themselves up, but their intention was to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Spanish Government. They did not come in all together, but in small parties and at different times. They had subsisted chiefly upon fruit, and the last meat that some of them had eaten was a portion of their General's horse. There was no lack of ammunition when they threw away their arms, though much of what they brought had been damaged by rain. Lieut. Grider stated that he carried a musket, though an officer, and that he had twenty-eight rounds of cartridges in his box when he threw it away.
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> "Capt. Kelly stated that the editor of the New Orleans Delta, Mr. Sigur, was instrumental in persuading him to join the expedition, having addressed him personally upon the subject. He has reason to believe that he persuaded many others also. The whole party manifested much indignation towards Gen. Lopez and Mr. Sigur; and many of them asserted that it would be worse for the latter if they should live to return home. On being told that Gen. Lopez was taken prisoner, a cry of joy and exultation ran through the crowd.
>
> "They stated that Lopez was chief of the expedition. Col. Dolman was second in command, and was killed on the 13th. Col. Wm. Scott Haynes, of Tennessee, was another leader. According to their best belief, he was still in the mountains. Col. Crittenden had been an officer in the U. S. Army during the war with Mexico. An Hungarian, named Pragay, who acted as Adjutant-General, was mortally wounded on the 13th.
>
> "It is matter of regret that so imperfect a narrative has been obtained from these unfortunate men. In the excitement of the moment, many would speak at once, and to some questions it was difficult to get a satisfactory answer, on account of the eagerness of all to give it.

They also stated that they had had medical attendance and good rations since their imprisonment. "It may be proper to add," (says Com. Platt) "that the prisoners appeared to be in good health, and by no means so much reduced as their exposure and hardships would seem to warrant. They even appeared to be cheerful which may have been the effect of their relief from a condition of far greater anxiety and suffering, experienced during their wanderings upon the island."

To the above, the Republic adds the following:

> "We learn that, upon receipt of these despatches, the President directed copies to be sent to the Spanish Minister, the further to enforce an appeal already made to that Government, now, since the leader of the expedition has been cut off, to deal mercifully with his deluded followers, who were enticed into the invasion under the belief that the people of the island were already in a state of revolution, and desired assistance to establish a Republican Government—a state of facts which, had it existed, could not have justified their conduct, either in the view of our own statutes or of the law of nations, but the expectation of which gives them a strong claim to pardon."

Contrary to our supposition, a letter was written by Colonel Crittenden before his death. He says:—

SHIP-OF-WAR ESPERANZA,
August 16, 1851.

DEAR LUCIEN:—In half-an-hour I, with fifty others, am to be shot. We were taken prisoners yesterday. We were in small boats. General Lopez separated the balance of the command from me. I had with me about one hundred—was attacked by two battalions of infantry and one company of horse. The odds was too great—and, strange to tell, I was not furnished with a single musket-cartridge. Lopez did not get any artillery. I have not the heart to write to any of my family. If the truth ever comes out, you will find that I did my duty, and have the perfect confidence of every man with me. We had retired from the field, and were going to sea, and were overtaken by the Spanish steamer Habanero, and captured. Tell General Hunton that his nephew got separated from me on the 13th—day of the fight—and that I have not seen him since. He may have straggled off and joined Lopez, who advanced rapidly to the interior. My people, however, were entirely surrounded on every side. We saw that we had been deceived grossly, and were making for the United States when taken. During my short sojourn in this island, I have not met a single patriot. We landed some forty or fifty miles to the Westward of this, and I am sure that in that part of the island Lopez has no friends. *When I was attacked Lopez was only three miles off. If he had not been deceiving us as to the state of things, he would have fallen back with his force and made fight, instead of which he marched on immediately to the interior.* I am requested to get you to tell Mr. Green of the Custom House, that his brother shares my fate. Victor Kerr is also with me, also Stanford. I recollect no others of your acquaintance at present. I will die like a man. My heart has not failed me yet, nor do I believe it will. Communicate with my family. This is an incoherent letter, but the circumstances must excuse it. My hands are swollen to double their thickness, resulting from having them too tightly corded for the last eighteen hours. Write to John, and let him write to my mother. I am afraid that the news will break her heart. My heart beats warmly towards her now.

Farewell. My love to all my friends. I am sorry that I die owing a cent, but it is inevitable.

Yours, strong in heart,
W. L. CRITTENDEN.

To Dr. Lucien Hensley.

The following extract from a letter, is said by the New York Courier to be from one situated so as to *know* what transpires in the highest official quarters. If *true*, it places Lopez's character in a very despicable light:

> The traitor, Don Narciso Lopez, will be executed to-morrow, suffering death by the *garrote vil*. This infamous chief, spurious son of our country, has behaved in the most cowardly and shameful manner that you can imagine. Traced by dogs like a wild beast, he fell into the hands of those determined country people, who followed him, step by step, and when he saw that his capture was certain, he cried out—"*Pardon! pardon! do not kill me! for I have important revelations to make, which will save the Island of Cuba.*" Then, in proof of his intention of giving himself up without resistance, he threw away at the same time the two pistols and the dagger, which he had preserved until then. One feels ashamed of such miserable conduct in one who has worn the uniform of a Spanish General—but such is the exact truth.

The Captain-General is said to have refused to countenance the promised treachery.

The Picayune says that the bodies of Colonel Crittenden and Captain Kerr were buried in the grave with the other victims, and could not be recognized.

The "London Times," in an article upon the Cuban Invasion, takes ground against the acquisition of Cuba by the United States, as "fraught with the utmost danger to the whole of the British West India Colonies." It appears to consider that an immense amount of British capital is interested in the continuance of the present arrangement of things in that quarter. It says:

> We apprehend that no section of our vast army of political economists would be prepared for so gratuitous a sacrifice, so flagrant a concession to the rapacity of the more truculent federation of vagabonds and honest men that has hitherto, in a national capacity appeared on the world's stage.
>
> * * * *
>
> In another sense, too, this acquisition would work us injury. Our artificial system is chiefly supported by the national faith in our physical prowess and political superiority. Let that faith once be violently weakened, and farewell to our boasted greatness—farewell to the reality that Britannia rules the waves!—and welcome the loss of *prestige*—welcome national decrepitude, and every sign and token of a tremendous bankruptcy!

THE WORLD'S EXHIBITION.—Another letter from Mr. Riddle, the American Commissioner at the World's Exhibition in London, is published in the National Intelligencer. Mr. R. states that the benefits of the exhibition are not confined alone, or even mainly to Great Britain, nor limited to the present point of time. We are better known to the world and better appreciated by what we have shown there. Our cotton gins will be introduced into two countries of Asia, two of Europe, and one of Africa. Our means of cleaning the long-staple cotton of the Sea Islands will be introduced into Egypt. Grain-reaping by machinery will become, in a few years, universal in every country of Europe.—Our sewing-machines will supersede hand-labor in many branches in England, France and Belgium. Our new method of lapping cotton has been, within the last month, introduced from the Exhibition into the mills of Lyons. Our candle-mould machine will cause the old process to be entirely superseded. The Anglesea leg, known and used over the world for twenty-five years, according to the acknowledgment of every eminent surgeon of England and the continent who has examined it, must now give place to the infinitely superior mechanism of Palmer's patent limb. The revolving pistols of Colt, a contraband article in England, and incapable of being sold here, have, by order of the Lords of the Treasury, been furnished to every officer who has recently gone to the Caffre war. The gun-primer of Maynard, the most efficient and practical improvement upon the musket and carbine yet invented, rendering the same body of men more than twice as powerful in action as before, though here less than a week, is already exciting much attention from officers connected with the ordnance. The mineral paint of Houston, of Virginia, will supplant white lead for many purposes where it has hitherto been used. The wood-planing, tongueing and grooving machine of Woodworth; the centrifugal pump of Gwynne; the stone-dressing machinery of Morey; the presses of Dick; the fire-safe of Herring; the lathe and loom from Lowell; the bell telegraph of Brooks; the piano fortes of Chickering and Hewes; the rail-wheels of Shattuck; the surpassingly accurate measuring-instruments of Professor Bache, and the new motive power of Ericsson, are all destined either to be brought into immediate use, or to suggest in arts and manufactures ideas of great practical utility. He says:—

> Austria has supported a *corps* of thirty scientific men here, besides the ten Commissioners, whose duties have been confined to making drawings, specifications and reports of what was useful, new, interesting or valuable in the Exhibition. Sardinia has sent over sixty-three of the most intelligent young men from her work shops, paying them for their time, and defraying all their expenses, that they might have what of good could be gained in their various arts from this great store-house of the world's industry.—Turkey has a body of young engineers, shrewd, clear-headed, practical men, whose investigations, if measured by the attention they have given to every ingenious piece of mechanism in our department, cannot fail to be most salutary upon the industrial progress of their country. Egypt has two of her officers now for nearly a month investigating what would be likely to turn to good account there. Russia, Norway and Belgium are supporting each a body of artisans among the numerous articles of moving machinery in the building; while Frankfort and other of the free Hanse towns are collecting every kind of statistics through men of eminence they have sent, for comparison and publication.

The question now being considered by the contributors is, how are the goods to be taken back to the United States? Mr. R. says an impression has generally obtained among our contributors, on both sides of the water, that the Secretary of the Navy would cause their goods to be placed in New York free of cost; and he hopes that the impression may be correct. The goods will all be packed for shipping by the 1st of November.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A PRISONER.—Edward Holt escaped from the Trenton (New Jersey) Jail, on Monday, in the following remarkable manner:

> The prisoner, the State Gazette says, occupied one of the lower cells in the middle wing. He had taken up a part of the floor of his cell and dug down a perpendicular depth of seven feet. The foundation wall is about six feet below the surface. He burrowed under the wall and up to the surface of the ground on the outside. This brought him into the yard of the prison. Then, by means of a ladder made of pieces of rope and bedding, and the slats from the bottom of his bunk, with hooks on the end made of nails, he scaled the outside wall. He had to throw the ladder to the top—the hooks caught in the coping; and, after reaching the top, he reverted his ladder and let himself down on the outside. A course of stone is laid immediately under the floor of the cells. These were removed, put on his bunk, and carefully covered over with the bedding. The digging was performed with a bed-screw, and thin pieces of boards were used for shovelling up the dirt. All the dirt thrown out on the cell-floor was put there on Sunday after six o'clock in the evening—the hour at which the cells were fastened for the night. After he got down some five feet, he made a ladder to get in and out of the hole with the dirt. He carried the dirt in a pail, to which he had a rope attached. After getting the pail full, he came up with stones in his hand, and having deposited them very carefully on the floor, pulled up the pail full of earth. Everything had to be done with great caution, as the least noise would reverberate through the corridor and would be heard by the watchmen. Before he left he composed a poetic effusion of four lines, and on the wall he painted with charcoal and red chalk, a variety of handsome figures, underneath the principal one, which represented a beautiful target, he drew, in letters—"Liberties wanted by everybody."

THE FUGITIVE DANIEL.—The papers generally have fallen into an error as to Judge Conkling's decision on the return of the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of the fugitive slave, Daniel, at Buffalo, New York. Judge Conkling does not decide that the Fugitive Law is inoperative in a case where the slave escaped before the law was passed; but that the section which authorizes proofs to be taken *ex parte* in the State from which the slave escaped, and used as evidence where he is arrested, is only applicable to such cases of escape as have occurred since the passage of the Act.—*Exchange paper.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE RIOT.—A terrible riot, attended with loss of life, occurred last week at the Gap Hills, near Christiana, Lancaster Co., Pa., where a number of free negroes are located.—The Public Ledger says:

> Mr. Edward Gorsuch, of Baltimore Co., whose estate is situated about 19 miles from Baltimore, came to this city early in the week in pursuit of a fugitive, named Pinckney, and procuring the necessary documents for his arrest, started on Wednesday for the spot where he had received information the slave could be found. He was accompanied by his son, Dickinson Gorsuch, his nephew, named Earl, two Deputy Marshals from this city (since denied) and Baltimore, and two of our constables, one of whom was Henry Kline. The most reliable accounts received, represent the party as having reached the house of William Parker, a free colored man, on Thursday morning, and that the officers immediately hailed those within. Before reaching the house, however, the party was met by Mr. Pinckney, and Mr. Gorsuch said to him, that he had several times attempted to get him, but was unsuccessful, and this time he was determined to arrest him or die in the attempt. The owner was somewhat in advance of the rest of the party, and no sooner had he expressed himself to the slave, than he was shot through the head and breast, and fell to the earth a corpse. The son immediately fired on Pinckney, who was running away, and the contents of the revolver lodged in his person.—At this moment, a number of negroes who were lying in ambush, armed with guns and missiles, rushed out and attacked him, shooting him in the side, and afterwards beating him on the head and arms with their weapons. Officer Henry Kline, of this city, as well as an officer from Baltimore, were also wounded in the melee, which continued several minutes.
>
> The number of persons engaged in the riot is estimated in all the accounts at between 50 and 70—chiefly blacks. It is represented that the white residents of the scene of the bloody tragedy, stood aloof from participation in the affair, and refused to assist the officers in the pursuit of the murderers, besides declining to afford any facilities. One of the two persons reported as missing, has not been seen or heard of since the occurrence. The other, (the nephew of the deceased,) is said to have been found in the woods about a mile distant, seriously injured by stabs. In addition to the murder of Mr. Gorsuch, it is stated that the blacks rifled his pockets of $400 in money.
>
> Another account says: The blacks having received notice of the coming of the whites, gathered in considerable numbers in the house the slave owner and his companions were expected to visit. The door was secured, and they retired to the upper part of the building. As the white party approached, they were warned off. A parley ensued, the master declaring his intention of having his slave.
>
> The door was forced. A horn was sounded, and a considerable company of blacks gathered. The negroes in the house made a rush down stairs, and crowded the whites out.
>
> Another parley ensued. The blacks said they had rather die than go into slavery. They also said they did not want to fire, yet if the whites fired on them, they were dead men.
>
> Shortly afterwards, the nephew, father and son fired revolvers, wounding a number of the blacks, but not seriously. The blacks returned the fire, instantly killing the father, and dangerously wounding the son. The whites having got the worst of it, retired. Some of the neighbors went to the relief of young Gorsuch, and had him conveyed to comfortable quarters, where every attention was paid him, and medical aid promptly sent for.
>
> Mr. Ashmead, the District Attorney, Mr. Roberts, the Marshal, and Mr. Jones, a special Commissioner of the United States, left in the cars Friday night for Christiana, for the purpose of making a strict official investigation into the circumstances connected with the bloody affair of Thursday, and taking such other steps as may be necessary to bring the offenders to justice.
>
> Mr. Ingraham left, on Saturday morning, for Gap Hills, in company with a detachment of U. S. Marines from the Navy Yard, (numbering 44 men,) under Lieuts. Josiah Watson and James H. Jones, and 48 of the Marshal's Police. Up to the time these persons arrived at the place where the riot and murder occurred, the police and citizens of Lancaster succeeded in making 11 arrests; and, during Saturday afternoon, 8 others were secured by the Marines and police from this city, and conveyed to the prison in Lancaster. Their names are:—Joseph Scarlet, white, Wilson Jones, colored, Francis Hawkins, colored, Benjamin Thompson, colored, Wm. Brown, colored, John Halliday, colored, Elizabeth Mosey, colored, John Morgan, colored boy, Samuel Kendig, white, Joseph Bane, colored, John Norton, colored, Wm. Brown, a yellow man, Lewis Smith, colored, George Washington Harvey Scott, colored, Susan Clark, colored, Tansy Brown, colored, Eliza Brown, colored, Eliza Parker, colored, Hannah Pickle, colored, and Robert Johnson, colored. Two of the persons arrested on Saturday have been committed on a charge of treason against the United States.
>
> Dickinson Gorsuch, the son of the owner of the slaves Nelson and Pinckney, is yet living, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery.—Dr. Thomas Pierce and Joshua Gorsuch, who were also shot and badly beaten, are still alive, but in a very critical situation.
>
> The officers returned on Sunday evening, with ten of the prisoners, who were placed in confinement, to await a further hearing before Mr. Commissioner Ingraham. The other persons arrested are in the Lancaster county jail. The whole number of arrests up to the time the cars left on Sunday afternoon, were about thirty, nearly all of whom were black.
>
> The officers of Lancaster have proven most efficient and fully equal to the emergency of the case, as the result shows—they having made all the arrests, save two or three. Nine of the Marshal's Police returned to the scene of riot and bloodshed in the 10 o'clock train on Sunday, for the purpose of bringing down, on the following day, other prisoners, who are to have a further hearing before the United States Commissioner.
>
> We learn that on Friday of last week, Attorney-General John L. Thompson, J. Franklin Reigart, and Joseph Pownell, with Constable Wm. Proudfoot, of Lancaster, repaired to the place of murder, when an investigation commenced. Some two or three hundred citizens were ready to assist the constable, who took with him about fifty picked men, and by ten o'clock on Friday evening he brought in two white persons—one a miller, and the other a storekeeper, named Castner Hanaway and Elijah Lewis, charged with being aiders and abettors.
>
> They also captured nine of the negroes, who were brought to Lancaster city this morning, and committed by Alderman Reigart to jail.
>
> When the prisoners were brought to Christiana, much excitement prevailed. Mr. Burleigh, an abolition lecturer, made his appearance, but soon left.
>
> The Deputy Marshal, H. H. Kline, of Philadelphia, made his affidavit of the occurrences, that he, Mr. Edward Gorsuch, Dickinson Gorsuch, and D. R. Pierce, with two others, went on Thursday morning of last week, about daylight, to the house of Mr. Levi Pownell, where Mr. Gorsuch expected to find his slaves. The house seemed occupied by a crowd of negroes. Mr. Gorsuch immediately requested his boys, (the slaves) who looked from the windows, to come down; but they refused, and threw an axe at him. About the same time, two white men appeared on horseback; and, simultaneously, gangs of negroes surrounded the Deputy Marshal and his companions.
>
> The officer handed his papers to the white men, and requested them to read the said papers and assist him in sustaining the laws. The men refused to assist, and defied the Marshal's authority. The blacks then fired and killed Mr. Edward Gorsuch; mortally wounded his son Dickinson, and slightly wounded Dr. Pierce.—The Marshal and the others then escaped.

An appeal was made to Governor Johnston by John Cadwalader, John Swift, John W. Forney, R. Simpson, Charles Ingersoll, James Page, A. L. Roumfort and others, to call out the military to suppress an "*insurrection*," to which Governor Johnston replied that "the State authorities had vindicated the law, and, to a large extent, arrested the perpetrators of the crimes." The Governor writes:

> The cruel murder of a citizen of a neighboring State, accompanied by a gross outrage on the laws of the United States, in the resistance of its process, had been committed; and you may be assured that so soon as the guilty agents are ascertained they will be punished in its severest penalty by the law of Pennsylvania. I am very proud that the first steps to detect and arrest these offenders have been taken by Pennsylvania officers.
>
> Permit me, gentlemen, having thus removed all just cause of anxiety from your minds, respectfully to suggest that the idea of rebellion, or "insurrectionary movement" in the county of Lancaster, or any where else in this Commonwealth, has no real foundation, and is an offensive imputation on a large body of our fellow citizens. There is no insurrectionary movement in Lancaster county, and there would be no occasion to march a military force there, as you seem to desire, and inflame the public mind by any such strange exaggeration. I do not wish our brethren of the Union to think that in any part of this State, resistance of the law goes undetected or unpunished, or that there exists such a sentiment as treason to the Union and the Constitution. The alleged murderers of Mr. Gorsuch, whose crime is deep enough without exaggerating it, have been arrested and will be tried, and they and their abettors be made to answer for what they have done in contravention of the law. But in the mean time, let me invite your co-operation, as citizens of Pennsylvania, not only to see that the law is enforced, but to add to the confidence which we all feel in the judicial tribunals of the land, by abstaining from undue violence of language, and letting the law take its course. Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is in Lancaster county a sense of duty to the laws of the land, manifested in the easy and prompt arrest of these offenders, which will on all occasions show itself in practical obedience.
>
> The people of that county are men of peace and good order, and not easily led aside from the path of duty which the Constitution prescribes. They and every Pennsylvanian love the Constitution and the Union. They will detect, as they have done in this case, and arrest and punish all who violate the laws of the land. There is no warrant, depend on it, for representing the men of Lancaster County as traitors and participants in an "insurrectionary movement." You do them, unintentionally I have no doubt, great injustice.
>
> I am deeply indebted to you for affording me this opportunity of expressing my views. But for your communication I might not have been able to do so. You, and my fellow citizens at large, may be assured of my firm determination, at all hazards and under all circumstances, to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and enforce obedience to the laws alike of the United States and of this Commonwealth.

The Governor has also issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

In and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I, WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of said Commonwealth, do hereby issue this

PROCLAMATION.

{SEAL} WHEREAS, it has been represented to me that a flagrant violation of the public peace has occurred in Lancaster County, involving the murder of Edward Gorsuch and seriously endangering the lives of other persons; and whereas, it has also been represented to me that some of the participators in this outrage are yet at large; now, therefore, by virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution and laws, I, WILLIAM F. JOHNSTON, Governor of Pennsylvania, do hereby offer a reward of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the murder and violation of the public peace, as aforesaid.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the great seal of the State, this fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

Attest, A. L. RUSSELL,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

POLITICAL NEWS.

GEN. QUITMAN RESIGNED.—The telegraph reports that Gen. Quitman has declined to run for Governor in Mississippi, on account of the recent strong Union vote.

MARYLAND.—The Maryland Democratic State Convention have nominated Philip Francis Thomas for Comptroller; James Murray for Commissioner of the Land Office, and Thomas R. Stewart for Lottery Commissioner.

INDIANA.—The official returns of the late election are as follows:

For the Constitution in 87 counties,	109 219
Against " 87 counties,	26 755
Maj. in favor of Constitution,	82 464
For exclusion and colonization in 87 counties,	109 976
Against exclusion and colonization in 87 counties,	21 066
Maj. for exclusion and colonization,	88,910

The counties of Delaware, Noble, Porter and Warrick have failed to send the official returns to the Secretary's office. The majority—unofficial—in these counties, is about 3,000 in favor of the Constitution, and about the same for the article excluding the negroes.

NEW YORK.—The Whig State Convention at Syracuse appear to have acted with considerable unanimity. The following are their nominations: For Judge of the Court of Appeals—Samuel A. Foote, of Ontario; for Secretary of State—Mr. Forsyth, of Ulster; for Comptroller—G. W. Patterson; for Treasurer—S. M. Cook, of Saratoga; for State Engineer—Henry C. Seymour; for Canal Commissioner—Henry Fitzhugh, of Oswego; for State Prison Inspector—Alexander Wells, of Westchester.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whig State Convention was a very large one. Winthrop was nominated as the Whig candidate for Governor, over Walley, by 811 to 207. George Grennell was nominated for Lieut. Governor.

For Delegates at large to the National Convention:—

Whole number of votes,	697
Edward Everett, of Cambridge,	687
Geo. Ashmun, of Springfield,	679
Seth Sprague, of Duxbury,	679

The Convention, after completing its nominations, adopted an address and series of resolutions. The address relates to the existing state of affairs. The resolutions fully endorse the National Administration, re-affirm the sentiments of the Legislature of 1833, and express unwavering attachment to the Constitution, Union and Laws, and undiminished confidence in Daniel Webster. The Delegates at large, and to the National Convention, are all supposed to be in favor of Mr. Webster for the Presidency.

NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The following are the nominations: Comptroller, John C. Wright; Secretary of State, Henry L. Randall; Canal Commissioner, Horace Wheaton; Treasurer, B. Welch; State Engineer, W. J. McAlpin; State Prison Inspector, Gen. Storms; Attorney General, L. S. Chatfield. After the nominations were all made, a resolution was adopted pledging the Convention to the support of the whole Democratic ticket. There was also some further conversation with reference to what course should be pursued in relation to the election of delegates to the Baltimore Convention, but, without taking any decided action, the matter was dismissed.

The Barnburners had the majority in the Convention, and are said to be best satisfied with the above ticket.

AT THEIR FALSEHOODS AGAIN.—Some of the papers attempt to prove that Lopez's failure was all owing to his original intention of going to Puerto Principe, and being compelled, for want of coal, to stop at Bahia Honda. The following, from New Orleans papers published before the disaster to Lopez was known, will show the falsity of such representations. The National Intelligencer says:

> It was only a few days before the sailing of Lopez that the New Orleans "Delta" said:
>
> "The 17th of this month (July) was fixed *for the rising in the Vuelta Abajo*, THE MOST DISAFFECTED AND WARLIKE PORTION OF THE ISLAND."
>
> And on the 21st of August, the same paper spoke of the landing of the expedition as follows:—
>
> "When we published the news of the arrival of the Pampero yesterday, we were not so well acquainted as we are now with Gen. Lopez's plan of operations. Bahia Honda was the place at which he had determined to effect a landing, for reasons which we do not think proper to expose. Bahia Honda is about fifty miles from Havana, and is a deep, fine harbor, with a small town, where some trade is carried on. *It is in or near the Vuelta Abajo, or tobacco region of the Island,* WHERE, WE ARE ASSURED, THE PEOPLE HAVE LONG BEEN RIPE FOR REVOLUTION."
>
> On the 27th, it said: "The Vuelta Abajo is the Switzerland of Cuba. *There in the confidence of the gallant commander knew that his landing at some point in that region was in direct concert with the leaders of the Central or Puerto Principe movement;* and the policy of the act appears evident when we reflect that its design and tendency were to sever the troops of the Queen," &c.
>
> Now, in view of these exposition of the plans and opinions of the parties themselves, and of the unqualified commendation of their favorite leader for having selected what was supposed to be the most desirable position for striking an effective blow towards the accomplishment of their unlawful enterprise, does it not exceed belief that any of them should pretend that the Pampero had been compelled to stop a Bahia Honda on account of unforeseen circumstances, and that to this cause is to be attributed the defeat of the expedition?

THE GARROTE.—The garrote is a mode of punishment in Spain, by strangulation. The victim is seated upon a stool, behind which is a post to which is affixed an iron collar with a screw. This collar clasps the throat of the victim, and one turn of the screw produces immediate strangulation. It is stated by some, also, that a sharp, broad blade is inserted in the post, and that when the screw is turned the knife penetrates the back of the neck and severs the spinal chord. This produces as instant death as a bullet shot through the heart, and must deprive the victim of all sense of pain.

ERYSIPELAS, OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are an easy, safe and certain cure for Erysipelas, because they purge from the body those poisonous humors which are the cause of St. Anthony's Fire and every other malady. From four to six of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken once in twenty four hours, at night on going to bed, will in a short time make a perfect cure of the most obstinate attack of Erysipelas; at the same time the digestion will be improved, and the blood so completely purified, that all kinds of inflammation and pain will be driven from the body, and health and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	105	—	Mechanics	29½	30
" '62	109	—	Southwark	70	—
" '67	115	115½	Kensington	60	—
" '68	115½	116	P Township	29	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	11½	12
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '51	98	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	48	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	58	60
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	53	54
Philada 6s	102½	104	Tren Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	98	98½	Pitts'bg Bk	54	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	54½	—
County 5s	95½	96	Echange, Pitts	51	—
Penna 6s	100½	101	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	90½	91	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	102	102½
Tennessee 5s	50½	51	Northern	109½	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	70	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	70
TexasT Notes	—	—	Vicksburg	10	12½
" bds to	—	—	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	36½	37	N O Gas Bk	—	111
" 1st	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	73	73½	Lehigh Nav	29	30
" 1st loan	84½	84¾	C & Del Cl	100	105
" Mort 6s	95	96	Morris Cl	13½	13¾
C & D Cl 6s	96	97	Penn&Ohio Cl	25½	30
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	10½	11
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	132	137
Susquh Cl 6s	57	58	Penna R	40½	40¾
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	16	18
Harris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	83½	90	North Am Cl	13	15
Read R 6s	71	71½	Susquh Cl	13½	14
" Mort 6s	74½	77	Norristown R	38	40
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	42	42½
U S Bk Shares	1	1¼	Wilmington R	27	29
N Amer Bk	135	137	Reading R	27½	27¾
Penna Bk	109	110	Minehill R	64	66
Philadelphia	135	136	N Liberty Gas	26	26
Far & Mec	68	68½	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	57	57½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Min Co	28	29½

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 13.

ASHES—Dull, with trifling sales at previous rates.

COTTON—The market is without change, and the sales are 500 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—There is less doing in Flour to-day, and the market is heavy, sales of 7,500 bbls at $3,75 a3,94 for Michigan, $3,81a3,87½ for common to straight State, $3,87½a4 for Ohio, and $4a4,12½ for prime Genesee. Southern Flour is dull; sale of 500 bbls at $4a4,12½. Rye Flour and Corn continue dull.

GRAIN—We notice a fair demand for Wheat, with sales of 900 bushels new red Southern at 75c. A cargo of white Ohio are reported at 87c; 10,000 new do, to arrive, on terms not understood, and 7,800 Upper Lake at a private bargain. Rye firm and quiet. Barley dull. Corn unchanged; sales of 30,000 bushels at 53a55c for unsound, and 56a60c for sound mixed. Oats dull.

PROVISIONS—A dull market for Pork, sales of 300 bbls in lots at $15,75, and $13,25 for new Mess and Prime, $15,12½ for old Mess, and $12,50 for Prime. Beef unchanged; sales of 250 bbls. Lard dull, 100 bbls at 9½a9¾c.

WHISKEY—We notice sales of 200 bbls at 22½a23c for Ohio and Prison.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. G. W. [illegible] Western States, assisted by J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Greene, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lot Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman. Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by D. R. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Laslo, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

E. R. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

[illegible] PEASE collects for us in the New England States.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
OF DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St., *New York*
OF HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
OF MILTON BOULEMENT, *Mobile, Ala.*
OF J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
OF W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
OF SAFFORD & PARK, *Norwich, Conn.*
OF F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
OF S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth Street*, and 39 *East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
OF W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
OF EDWARDS & RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*
OF ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

Local News.

CITY POLICE, Sept. [illegible]—[illegible] to Diet.—Mrs Mary Verden had been persuaded to abandon the flesh pots of Egypt by the arguments of some of the vegetarian philosophers who are now agitating in this city. The principal thing in the vegetable-diet system which tickles Mrs. Verden's fancy, is the saving in house keeping expenses which may be effected by living entirely on roasted potatoes and baked apples. Mrs. V. is one of those economical ladies who believe that the stomach may be pinched to any degree for the glory of the back; eating with her, is a matter of small importance, but dressing is everything. She liked the vegetarian plan, because the money that had been wasted in her family by the purchase of rounds of beef and legs of mutton, might be more advantageously laid out in new silk dresses and fashionable bonnets. Her husband, Mr. Daniel Verden, is a hard working man, a blacksmith, and an infatuated believer in roast beef and baked mutton. Mrs. V. knew the man had not reason and common sense enough to see the propriety of the change she was about to introduce, so she made her arrangements without consulting him at all, not choosing to waste arguments on one whom she believed to be obstinately prejudiced in favor of the old system. Accordingly when Mr. Verden came home to dinner on Monday, he found that the repast prepared for him was simply a dish of boiled turnips. He growled a little, but being very hungry, took his rations and hoped for better things next day. Tuesday's dinner consisted of mashed potatoes, and Verden began to curse and swear with the ferocity that became a flesh-eater, while Mrs. V. behaved with all the calmness of a sensible vegetarian, not doubting that her husband's depraved taste for animal food would be corrected by a little training. But on Wednesday, when Verden came home and found nothing to eat but a rice pudding, he behaved like a madman, threw the temperate and wholesome dinner, dish and all, at Mrs. Verden's head, and committed so many acts of carnivorous fury that he was very properly placed under legal restraint, and after passing a few hours in the watch-house, he was brought out pretty well tamed, and gave the usual pledges for such quiet behaviour as he will find very easy when he adopts Mrs. V.'s system of dietetics.—*Pennsylvanian.*

AN EXCELLENT INVENTION.—Robert Opdyke, of Bucks county, has recently invented a self-adjusting gate, for the use of railroads, in order to prevent cattle from straying upon railroads, which occasions so many fatal accidents. A model of the apparatus has been placed in the rotunda of the Exchange, for the inspection of the curious. The invention has been patented by Wm. S. Hough. It is a movable fence, attached to the track, calculated to be placed across the road, on either side of every intersection by common roads. A bar or brake extends from the top of the fence to the side of the rails, so that the first wheel of the coming train will press upon it, and by means of a peculiar crank motion, cause the fence to revolve from its perpendicular to a horizontal position. A counter balance is attached to the bar of the fence, which causes it to again become upright as soon as the cars have passed. The gate is to be composed of pickets fastened to the revolving bar, and can be made of either iron or wood. It moves either way, so that not the slightest obstacle is presented to the passage of the trains, in whatever direction they come. The plan appears to be very feasible, and would be an effectual bar to cattle wandering upon the track from the turnpikes or other roads that intersect our railroads.

BORDENTOWN WATER-WORKS.—The citizens of Bordentown, New Jersey, complain bitterly of the scanty supply of water, as the unusual dry weather has contributed greatly towards making the evil seriously felt. A large number of the wells have entirely dried up, and, in some instances, scores of families are now obtaining their water for drinking, culinary, and washing purposes, from some kind and generous neighbor, who is willing to supply this indispensable element. If ever a population stood in need of a supply of water, it is that of Bordentown, at the present time. We learn that a company for the purpose of giving this supply, was recently chartered there, and that the necessary stock to commence the erection of the works was taken, and the directors were about entering into a contract for their completion, when their laudable and enterprising design was arrested by an injunction, issued at the instance of a few dissatisfied stockholders. The work is now standing still, and will not, probably, be resumed, unless the injunction is removed, which, perhaps may be done at the October session of the Court of Chancery.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—On Wednesday morning of last week, about five o'clock, Mr. George Earp, a resident of No. 302 Arch street, was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few minutes. He had just arisen from his bed, in good health, but before he finished dressing, was a corpse. The deceased was one of the oldest, most respectable and successful merchants in the city.

Major Frederick Holman, of Chester county, aged 45 years, fell in Broad street near Vine, about 7 o'clock the same morning, as he was hurrying to the Reading Railroad Depot, and died in a little while after. His sudden and unexpected death is attributed to palpitation of the heart. Major Holman was, for many years, the proprietor of the Hotel at the Yellow Springs, but recently has resided on a farm near that place. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.—The Whig Conference have made the following nominations for the offices of the Row—Clerk of the Quarter Sessions, John Scanlan; Prothonotary of the District Court, James Vinyard; Recorder of Deeds, Thomas Helm; Coroner, P. R. Schuyler, Auditor, Mr. Green, of Germantown; County Commissioner, Wm. Faunce; County Treasurer, R. G. Simpson. Messrs. Faunce and Simpson are upon the Native American ticket.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 151—adults 67, and children 84.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, September 20, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
Farmers and Mech. bk, N. Brun.	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Phenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	2½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va&branches	1 dis
Far bk & branches	1 dis
Valley bk & branch	1 dis
Ex'bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Hawkinsville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	[illegible] dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	2½ dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners bank	—

ALMANAC.

	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
20 Saturday	5 56	6 4	9 35	
21 Sunday	5 57	6 3	10 53	
22 Monday	5 59	6 1	11 52	
23 Tuesday	6 0	6 0	12 54	D. H. M.
24 Wed'day	6 1	5 59	1 38	First 2 9 51
25 Thursday	6 3	5 57	2 25	Full 10 9 44
26 Friday	6 4	5 56	3 13	Last 18 8 33
27 Saturday	6 5	5 55	4 9	New 25 1 19

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	7,	76	88	94
	8,	73	90	94
	9,	75	83	87
	10,	75	83	87
	11,	78	86	91
	12,	80	89	93
	13,	81	90	92

Marriages.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D., ROBERT LE ROY, of New York, to AMELIA, daughter of Wm. D. Lewis, Esq. of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Henry G. Livingston, MONTGOMERY L. FREDERICK, to MAGGIE H. daughter of John Livingston.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. D. S. Miller, RICHARD C. THOMSON, to MARY A. HARRISON.

On the 3d Oct. 1850, by the Rev. O Douglass, Mr. HENRY W. SLATE, to Miss ROXANNA SIMPSON, all of this city.

At Lewes, Del. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. McIlvain, Mr. CORNELIUS T. BURTON, to Miss HANNAH CLIFTON, all of the above place.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mr. JOSEPH HOWELL, to Miss SARAH A. BUSSARD, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. at Friend's Meeting House, on Orange Street, SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, to ANNA, daughter of Earl Shinn, all of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, THOMAS GRIFFITHS, to MARY M. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. LEONARD F. BAILEY, to Miss AMELIA F. THOMPSON, both of Spring Garden.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. F. J. Barbelin, Mr. L. FAVRE, of Louisville, Ohio, to Miss MARY McCAFFREY, of this city.

On the 25th ult by the Rev. John L. Grant, in this city, Mr. JOHN S. McMAHON, of Camden, to Miss ISABELLA HORNOR, of Moorstown, N. J.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Worrell, Mr. AUSTIN JAMES, son of Mr. Robert James, dec'd, of Millstown, Monmouth county, to Miss ELEANOR T. COOK, daughter of Mr. John Cook, of Newtown, Camden county, N. J.

In the city of Wilmington, Del. on the 11th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, Mr. THOMAS DIXON, to Miss ELIZA [illegible].

At Bristol, Pa on the 9th inst. by the Rev. E. H. Canfield, of St. Peter's Church, New York, JAMES E. PITTMAN, of Detroit, Mich. to LIZZIE B. HUTCHINSON, of Bristol.

Deaths.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY REYNOLDS.

On the 10th inst. CHARLES HENRY, son of Stephen and Mary Twelves, of Mobile, Alabama, aged 8 years and 3 months.

On the 10th inst. ROBERT DICKEY, M. D. aged 31.

On the 10th inst. GEORGE EARP, Sr.

On the 10th inst. GEORGE P. McMANUS, aged 45.

On the 10th inst. Mr. WILLIAM R. MARCH, aged 44

On the 10th inst. near Medford, N. Jersey, HELEN BLANCHE, daughter of David and Margaretta F. Weatherby, aged 19 months.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. HANNAH WADE, aged 73.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. JANE SMITH, aged 42.

On the 8th inst. Mr. JOHN P. MINTZER, aged 70.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. SARAH J. CAMPBELL.

On the 7th inst. ENOCH CASTNER, aged 50.

On the 9th inst. ALBERT GESSNER, son of Henry W. and Emma Butterworth, aged 5 years and 7 months.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. E. B. GARDETTE.

On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH PAPLAS, aged 50.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. JANE FLEMING, aged 90.

On the 9th inst. Mr. ISAAC ABEL, aged 46 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH McCOWAN, aged 32 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. CATHERINE McCABE, aged 36 years.

On the 9th inst. WILLIAM DALTON, aged 36.

On the 9th inst. ELEANORA, wife of Mr. James Carroll.

On the 9th inst. ALEX. McNICHOL, aged 29.

ROBERT BROWNAGE, aged 41 years.

On the 9th inst. ANNA M. HENRY, aged 2 months.

On the 9th inst. THOMAS H. SITER, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZA HIGGINS, aged 29.

On the 7th inst. JONATHAN THOMAS, aged 67.

At Copenhagen, in the Kingdom of Denmark, on the 16th of Aug. last, PETER PEDERSEN, formerly Danish Minister at Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH R. wife of Edward Mansley, aged 22 years.

On the 9th inst. ADALINE VAUGHAN, aged 31.

On the 8th inst. PATRICK TIMMINS, aged 32.

On the 8th inst. JAMES, son of John R. and Mary Tracy, aged 12 years.

On the 9th inst. JAMES MARLEY, aged 40 years.

On the 9th inst. JOHN, son of the late Philip Gartland, aged 5 years.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.
STILL ANOTHER
REMARKABLE CURE OF CONSUMPTION,
AND ITS DANGEROUS ATTENDANTS,
AFTER HAVING BEEN GIVEN UP TO DIE BY PHYSICIANS AND FRIENDS.
THE ANNALS OF HISTORY
CANNOT FURNISH A PARALLEL.

☞ It should be extensively known throughout the world, for there are thousands laboring under similar diseases, which will prove fatal unless arrested by the powerful agency of

DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
READ AND BE CONVINCED.

POINT OF ROCKS, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., June 9, 1851.

DR. SWAYNE: DEAR SIR—Believing it a duty I owe to the public, and in justice to you, I have thought proper to make known one of the most extraordinary cures, in my own case, that have ever been truly recorded. In the month of October last, I was afflicted with a severe gathering in my breast, which formed a large abscess, and also communicated to my lungs and very much afflicted them, and discharged large quantities of corruption, external and internal, that is, large quantities passed through my lungs, which I threw up. My breath could also pass through my lungs and out through the cavity of my breast with apparent ease, attended with a violent cough day and night, loss of appetite, and extreme debility, so that my physicians thought my case extremely hopeless and beyond the power of medicine. I remained in this wretched condition for a long time, until I was wasted to a mere skeleton, and there seemed to be no hope for me, but, having read in the public papers of the many wonderful cures performed by your COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I immediately sent to Baltimore for five bottles and commenced its use, and, to my great satisfaction and that of my anxious family, the abscess or opening in my lungs began to heal, and the cough subsided, and on using ten bottles I was restored to perfect health. I feel very grateful, and firmly believe that in your medicine, under the blessings of Divine Providence, I am indebted for this great change, and am happy to say that I am now enjoying as good health as I ever have.

Yours, very respectfully, THOMAS DIXON.

The subscriber is well acquainted with Thomas Dixon, and can testify that he has been afflicted as above represented. I regard his recovery as almost a miracle. He is a worthy member of society.

JAMES R. DURBOROW,
Pastor of the Berlin Circuit, Baltimore Conference.

Look well to the Marks of the Genuine.

Remember no preparation of Wild Cherry is genuine except the original article as prepared by Doctor SWAYNE. See that his *Portrait* is on the wrapper around each bottle. Until you obtain this Compound, you will never know the real virtues of the Wild Cherry.

☞ DR. SWAYNE HAS REMOVED HIS LABORATORY for the manufacture and sale of his Family Medicines, to sep20-eow?1*

NO. 4 NORTH SEVENTH STREET,
Above Market, Philadelphia,
where all orders for Agency, &c., must be directed.

☞ The above, together with his VERMIFUGE and SUGAR-COATED, SARSAPA. and TAR PILLS are for sale by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally.

FALL FASHIONS.

OUR PLATE OF GENTLEMEN'S Costume for the Fall and Winter of 1851 and '52, is now being delivered to subscribers. We are indebted to a weekly paper for the figure representing the Bloomer dress. The work is published Spring and Fall. Three dollars per year, payable in advance.

Respectfully, J. R. SHANKLAND,
sep13-3t* 100 Chesnut st., 3d story, Philada.

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. These Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, less power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.

They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PITT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.

R. HOE & CO.,
Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers,
29 and 31 Gold street, N York.

The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute.

"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art." aug2 6m

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

PREMIUM
J. W. & E. D. STOKES

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS REGALIA

FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 154 Market Street below Sixth Street,
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-1y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.50
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SAVING FUND of the NATIONAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 62 Walnut Street, two doors above Third, is open every day, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Four per cent. interest is paid for money, and it is always returned on two week's notice. We see a great many people there putting in their money. 1t*

☞ THE FOLLOWING WORK will be forwarded to order, at the price mentioned, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, on the receipt of the money for the same:—

☞ A FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS FAMILY. ☜

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON!
For 1852.

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS!!

JUST PUBLISHED:
A NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION OF
SEAR'S
PICTORIAL FAMILY ANNUAL.

An illustrated work, comprising a fine series of Embellishments, with interesting descriptions, in one handsome large octavo, of 400 pages, elegantly bound in red muslin, with new and elegant stamps on the covers, designed expressly for the work, gilt and lettered, in the most finished style of modern book making.

RETAIL PRICE ONLY $2.00.

THIS splendid volume comprises in itself a Complete Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, condensed in form, familiar in style, copious in information, embracing an extensive range of subjects. The Engravings (about 200 in number) are strictly illustrative, being principally representations of actual Scenery, Costumes, Manners, Monuments, &c., &c.

☞ On examination, the above work will be pronounced by every intelligent person under whose observation it may come, as one of the most suitable presents for a father to present to his family, both as regards the quality and number of its embellishments, and the pure character of its contents. In preparing every article for its pages, the greatest caution has been used, to admit nothing but of an improving and instructive character.

☞ *AGENTS WANTED,* ☜

In every section of the Union, to sell the above work. Persons desirous of engaging in its circulation, had better purchase two or three copies, procure the names of their friends and acquaintances as subscribers, and then send for the copies necessary to supply them.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post-paid.)

ROBERT SEARS,
181 William Street, New York.

☞ The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union.

☞ PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS giving the above advertisement a few insertions, shall receive a copy of the "Annual," (subject to their order and expense of delivery,) by sending one or more papers marked, to "*Sears's Family Visitor, New York.*" sep13-3t

AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other Preparations have shown themselves *palliatives*, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated Surgeon, Doctor VALENTINE MOTT, of New York City, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of 'AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,' which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the throat and lungs."

DR. PERKINS, the venerable President of the Vermont Medical College, one of the eminently learned physicians of this country, writes, the CHERRY PECTORAL is extensively used in this section, where it has shown unmistakable evidence of its happy effects upon pulmonary diseases.

The Rev. JNO. D. COCHRANE a distinguished Clergyman of the English Church, writes to the proprietor from Montreal, that "he has been cured of a severe asthmatic affection, by CHERRY PECTORAL." His letter at full length, may be found in our Circular, to be had of the Agent, and is worth the attention of asthmatic patients.

HANOVER, OHIO, April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefited by the information. I had a long fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral.

Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.

SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT,
Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. sep6-7t

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES,

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$60 to 125
" " 18 carat cases from	30 to 120
Silver "	18 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY,

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medallions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second
my 31y and Third, (south side,) Phila.

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 16 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $28 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jeweled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
Silver Lepine Watches, $9 and upwards.
And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medallions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.
Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.
Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.

ap26-6m GEORGE RUSSEL,
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CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
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Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

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Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry

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CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY,
ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
NEW STYLE
FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN
PARIS,
FOR SALE IN SETTS, AS IMPORTED, OR MADE TO ORDER FROM THE SAMPLES WHICH ARE REGULARLY RECEIVED.
PLAIN FURNITURE,
WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.
The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.
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Our facilities at home, and extended correspondence in Europe, putting us in possession of the Novelties as they are produced by the Manufacturer; all which is offered at
THE LOWEST PRICES.

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$300,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

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VESTS,	2 00 " 4
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DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITESWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck.) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhea or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

BRONCHOCELE OR GOITRE. (*Swelled Neck.*)

In hundreds of cases of GOITRE, in which this ALTERATIVE has been faithfully and perseveringly used, it has never failed, in a single instance, to completely remove the disease. NOT A SOLITARY CASE OF FAILURE. All were cured who continued its use according to the directions. The success it has met with in curing Bronchocele and Scrofulous Affections is a convincing proof that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. And that there is good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that IT DESTROYS THE VIRUS OR POISONOUS PRINCIPLE lurking in the system, from which that peculiar class of diseases emanates.

CANCER AND CANCEROUS AND SCIRRHUS-TUMORS.

For these affections this ALTERATIVE is the only medicine that has ever been known, on which the smallest reliance could be placed. It has been tried in a great many cases of this class of diseases, and although it has not in every instance been entirely successful, yet the average proportion of its cures have been at least two out of every three.

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.

A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES.

Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at one and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

DISEASES OF THE HEART.

This ALTERATIVE used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value to many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, [not Aneurism] Dropsy of the Pericardium, or sack, which surrounds the heart, Ossification of the Auricles or Ventricles of the Heart or of the Valves of the Aorta, or large Arteries, Metastasis, or translation of Neuralgia, Gout, or Rheumatism to the heart, &c. It causes the bony substance or water deposited in and about the heart to be absorbed and carried away, reducing the heart to its natural and healthy condition.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.

This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.

Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In these affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. ☞ See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.

A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and rested upon her knees. In her case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three half-pints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.

A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.

Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. ☞ See the case of John Lalone in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the flesh, skin, mucous membranes or bones, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY

May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.

Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS

Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.

This disease is described by writers under the name of "*Phlegmasia Dolens.*" It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life.

This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.

Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.

For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.

It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM.

This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD, (TINEA CAPITAS.)

When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. ☞ See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c.

Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a poisonous principle, or virus, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but is the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing these diseases, besides which, it destroys the virus, or poisonous principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibre; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES.

It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald-Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhea, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.

This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the aperture formed by the disease, and after she had thus lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health.

See also cases of Mrs. Lotto and Mrs. Rose.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.

In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes remained so weak that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to use the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was afterwards able to sew black satin, or broadcloth, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES.

In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or retention, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leuchorrhea, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local and general debility. In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, self-abuse, dissipation, or other excesses.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines." [illegible]

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.
No. 139 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

ARE now opening an extensive assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which they will dispose of at a very low figure, and guarantee freights and insurance at as low a rate as from any of the Eastern cities. Country merchants will consult their interest by giving us a call. jo28-3m

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.
ALSO ALL
BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & CO., at 162 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. DYOTT & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.
feb 1-1y

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EXCHANGE BANKERS,
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UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

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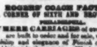

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
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WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for Style, Durability and elegance of Finish cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.

aug10-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

THE BRIDE'S VISITATION.

The guests have assembled—the dance is begun;
Bright flash the bride's jewels, like drops in the sun;
Each heart is elated, each bosom is glad;
But why stands the bridegroom so silent and sad?

The bride is a vision! the bride she is fair!
Her eyes are like stars, and like midnight her hair;
Her cheeks are suffused, when she's turned from [illegible],
With the color that sleeps in the heart of a rose.

The bride is a marvel! How shrinks she appears,
All smiles and all blushes, confusion and tears;
She seems like a lily half hidden from view,
Then why to her charms is the bridegroom untrue?

His heart has turned inward, it struggles with pain;
His [illegible] scarce can a single glance gain;
His first bride had faded and passed to the tomb,
Ere the flower of her morning had sustained her bloom.

Still rings the gay revel—still gathers the crowd;
Still over the music their voices are loud!
Why starts the young bridegroom? why kindle his eyes,
That follow the dancers with fear and surprise?

Bent treading a measure, a lady glides round;
Her feet give no echo, her movements no sound.
Her white robes float backward, and blush roses pale
Loop up the rich folds of her long bridal veil.

Her blue eyes with passion are restless and bright;
Her brown curls are gleaming like gold in the light;
Her smile is a mingling of pleasure and wo,
But colder than moonbeams on marble or snow.

Straight thro' the wild dancers she forces her way;
They scatter and tremble, and hurriedly say:
"A Bride! Holy Mother, have mercy and save!
A Bride! but most surely a bride from the grave!"

Right through to the banquet a pathway she breaks;
A goblet of wine in her small hand she takes,
And straight, with a look of decision and pride,
Moves rapidly on to the bridegroom and bride.

High lifts she the goblet—"A pledge, lady bright:
Oh, may thy young passion know never a blight."
High lifts she the goblet—the red wine runs o'er,
And flashes, like gems, to the polished oak floor.

"A pledge to thee, lady! Why tremble and cling
To thy husband? Believe me, no trouble I bring;
I would but advise thee for changes prepare;
Man's heart is but human—man's love is but air.

"A pledge! May thy bridegroom but love thee as well
As he loved his first lady, ere death broke the spell;
The bride of his boyhood—behold, she is here!
[illegible]

[illegible]

"All mine now is thine—then a health, lady fair!
All thine, save the plain bridal ring that I wear.
So, Life's glitter ended, its nothingness past,
As mine he was first, so he shall be at last.

"In less than a year," sighed the vanishing bride:
"In less than a year thou may'st sleep at my side;
In less than a year," and her voice sank away,
Like breezes that die at the close of the day.

The spell is removed—the guests, pallid with fear,
Among themselves whisper, "In less than a year!"
The bride's pale cheeks flush as she turns to her lord;
But silent he stands, and speaks never a word.

The soft, rosy morning walks over the sky;
"Come, rouse the young bridegroom!" No voice made reply.
Oh, Mother of Mercy, smile on him and save!
His spirit has followed his bride to the grave.

Selected Sketch.

HOW THE NEW TEMPERANCE LAW WORKS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF A PORTLAND DRAM DRINKER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"It's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old clock opposite the window where she sat, and then she turned her sharp but sickly glance upon her pale-faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie, but don't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn looking woman with a heavy sigh; "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death;" she added with determination, and as if half speaking to herself.

"I don't care for me, mother, a bit; but when he tries to strike you, oh! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him; I can't help it, mother, indeed I can't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly; "just think of that sweet, patient little sufferer, a cripple, perhaps for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear, darling brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, until her two dim, blue eyes rested full upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, even while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which, alas! is of but short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow given by a father's hand; but who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temple and cheeks were crimsoned; "oh! had I the power, not a rum shop should stand in this city by nightfall."

"Mother, don't look so angry;" said little Elsie, with a quivering lip.

"God forgive me," replied the woman, stooping and kissing the bluish forehead of her child, "but when I think of what he has been, what he might have been—"

The door was pushed violently open, and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants, as she exclaimed with vehemence, "Oh! mother, mother, can you imagine what news I have for you? it is so good, so glorious; the new liquor law has passed, and they say that within one week not a glass of intoxicating spirits can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard it," she continued, as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left our shop on the instant and hurried home to tell you; now I must be back again; it is worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face;" and more to repress the quick sobs that were almost choking her, with the strange joy she felt, than fear that her presence might be missed at the work shop, she hurried again from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard; presently that consumptive child at her side, pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and in sweet, but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly rising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to a narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion. An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children; that hour had been spent in prayer and tears; prayers of thanksgiving, and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself, and purchased some little luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she set it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that her father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer.

When the two little boys came from school, towards evening, they crept around the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the old stove, and if they might have butter on their bread? and when they were assured that they might, they moved round the room on tip-toe for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark, the oldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "Mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand for supper. And he was as sober as he could be. He didn't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he couldn't get liquor in Portland, he was sure he shouldn't go out of his way for it, and the man he was talking with, mother, to crown the whole, was Mr. L——, President of the Temperance [illegible]

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new and joyful hope. It seemed as if that heart would, at times, leap from its enclosure; and when the husband and father entered the house, she sank, pale and trembling, upon a seat.

Eddy and Willy, the oldest boys, stood in the doorway; their father caught Eddy, and swung him up with a "hi-yah, Tommy," then breaking off claw after claw from the huge lobster, he filled their hands. He entered the room cautiously and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months, sat down by the window beside his sick child. Her little, folded hands were instinctively held forth to be clasped in his, and as he took them, a tear trembled on his eyelids.

"Have you no brighter light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table. "Send and get some better oil, mother."

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife, timidly.

"No money, hey? Well, I reckon I can let you have a little;" and bending forward, he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him, thrilled his whole being. A moan from the little fellow in the cradle, startled him. He went and stood mournfully at the child's side, and gazed down into the wan face that looked so suffering and ghostly.

"Mother," he exclaimed, turning abruptly away, and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once to-day, that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times. Since yesterday morning, when old Hart told me that he didn't dare sell me a single glass, I have been thinking what a curse I've been to you all, even to that innocent babe;" his voice faltered, while his oldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks, as she sat silent in the darkest corner of the room.

"And, mother," he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God, that I would never touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me to know that I can not go to this corner and that, to be tempted with the sight of the miserable poison."

"God be thanked," said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantel to hide her streaming eyes; "for there never was a better husband than you, Edward, when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well again soon; do not think of the past, but resolve for the future."

"I will, so help me, God!" exclaimed the husband, in deep, solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper-table, and joy beamed on every face as they sat together.

"In less than a month, mother," said the repentant man, "I mean to put you into a better house; and as soon as I can, I'll hoist all this old trash out doors, and we will get as nice furniture as any body need have in our circumstances. I declare 'tis comfort though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy. Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses."

The child smiled merrily, but the mother kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom; she knew that her fair girl would soon be in a happier home than earth can afford; but oh! it was rich consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said roguish Eddy, "I like our Mayor, though, don't you?"

"Like him? That man will have no thorns in his dying pillow; I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking blessings on him to-night."

"God bless him," said the wife and mother, softly—and oh! there was such joy in her heart.
—*Olive Branch.*

CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

The tendency of organized life to put on new characteristics when subjected to new influences, is most happily set forth in the following extract from the last number of the Methodist Quarterly Review. The law here alluded to has an important bearing upon the question of the Unity of the Human Race. If the varieties among men can be accounted for by a law of change now in action, the arguments against the commonly received and Scriptural doctrine on this subject, are deprived of nearly all their force:

"The Spaniards, when they discovered this country, found none of the domestic animals existing here which were used in Europe. They were accordingly introduced, and, escaping and straying from their owners, they have run wild in our vast forests for several centuries. The result has been the obliteration of the characteristics of the domesticated animals, and a re-appearance of some of the typal marks of the wild state, and a generation of new and striking characteristics in accommodation to these new circumstances.

"The wild hog of our forests bears a striking likeness to the wild boar of the old world. The hog of the high mountains of Paramos resembles the wild boar of France. Instead of being covered with bristles, however, as the domestic breed from which he sprung, he has a thick fur, often crisp, and sometimes an under-coat of wool. Instead of being generally white or spotted, they are uniformly black, except in some warmer regions, where they are red, like the young peccari. The anatomical structure has changed, adapting itself to the new habits of the animal, in an elongation of the snout, a vaulting of the forehead, a lengthening of the hind legs, and, in the case of those left on the island of Cubagua, a monstrous elongation of the toes to half a span.

"The ox has undergone the same changes.—In some of the provinces of South America, a variety has been produced, called 'pelones,' having a very rare and fine fur. In other provinces a variety is produced with an entirely naked skin, like the dog of Mexico or of Guinea. In Colombia, owing to the immense size of farms, and other causes, the practice of milking was laid aside, and the result has been that the secretion of milk in the cows is, like the same function in other animals of this class, only an occasional phenomenon, and confined strictly to the period of suckling the calf. As soon as the calf is removed, the milk ceases to flow, as in the case of other mammals.

"The same changes have taken place in other animals. The wild dog of the Pampas never barks as the domestic animal does, but howls like the wolf. The wild cat has lost the musical accomplishments of her civilized sisterhood, and gives none of those delectable concerts of caterwauling that so often make night hideous, and call down from irritable listeners, curses, if not something heavier, on the whole feline race.—The wild horse of the higher plains of South America becomes covered with a long, shaggy fur, and is of uniform chesnut color. The sheep of the Central Cordilleras, if not shorn, produces a thick, matted, woolly fleece, which gradually breaks off in shaggy tufts, and leaves underneath a short, fine hair, shining and smooth, like that of the goat, and the wool never re-appears. The goat has lost her large teats, and produces two or three kids annually. The same changes have been produced in geese and gallinaceous fowls. A variety has sprung up called rumpless fowls, which want from one to six of the caudal vertebræ.

"The same varieties have sprung up in other parts of the world. The fat-tailed sheep of Tartary loses its posterior mass of fat, when removed to the Steppes of Siberia, whose scant and bitter herbage is less favorable to the secretion of adipose matter. The African sheep has become large like a goat, and exchanged its wool for hair. The Wallachian sheep has put on large perpendicular, spiral horns, and in like manner become clothed with hair. Some, also, have four, and even six horns. The wild horses of Eastern Siberia have the same anatomical differences from the tame ones that we noticed in the case of the swine; and culture, climate, and other causes, have produced the widest varieties—from the little shaggy pony of the Shetlands, that scrambles up the highland crags like a goat, to the gigantic steed of Flanders, or the Conestoga of Pennsylvania, which will sometimes drag a load of four tons on the level ground.—Whether the dog and the wolf are of the same species, is a question about which there is some difference of opinion among naturalists—but there is a very general agreement that all varieties of the dog must be referred to one species. Between these there is the widest difference—from the gigantic St. Bernard, that will carry a frozen traveller to the convent, the shaggy Newfoundland, with his webbed feet and his aquatic habits, and the scentless and almost tongueless greyhound, to the little lap-dog that nestles in a lady's arms, the nosing fox-hound, whose scent is almost a miracle, the ratting terrier, and the naked Mexican dog, that has an additional toe.—The cow presents the most diverse varieties—from the little Surat ox, not larger than a dog, to the humped and long-eared Brahmin cow, and the gigantic prize ox that will weigh two tons. The domesticated fowls and pigeons have assumed varieties enough to fill a page, some of them of the most diverse character, varying from the largest size to the most dwarfish, and possessing every peculiarity compatible with the preservation of the species, in the feathers, the form, the wattles, and the psychological traits and habits."

☞ So necessary at one time was coffee considered by the Turks, that [illegible]

Wit and Humor.

BLITZ IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

The New York papers relate the following anecdote of Blitz, the magician:

Strolling through our city into an auction room to see what bargains we could make, the auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?"

"I'll give you ten," said an old lady.

"Going at ten! Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid, if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer, "going, then, at eight!—who says more than eight?"

"Nine cents," says an old gentleman opposite us.

"Nine!—nine!—who says ten? Going at nine! going!—gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the old gentleman. "I don't want it—wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece."

[Auctioneer getting mad.] "If any one bids again they will have to take the article or get into trouble." [Throwing down angrily the piece of calico.] "Give me something else.—Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper.—What can I get for this? What do I hear?—anything you please!"

"I'll start it at five." "Ten," says another. "Twelve-and-a-half," says a third. "Thirteen," cries an old lady—"fourteen! fifteen," several voices.

"Fifteen, I am offered! fifteen!—done at fifteen! can't dwell—going!—g-o-i-n-g!—gone! Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid."

No one came up. All eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Gone, then, at fourteen! Yours, sir, walk up."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam, you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid; what do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant came forward.

"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?"

"I do," says an old farmer.

"Well, sir, walk up and take it."

"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the bidder.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprung down, and was about collaring the old man, when a person right behind him cried—

"Don't strike him! It was I that said you stole it!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, whom he told us was a *ventriloquist.*

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

BY TUPPER.

[From the large-heartedness of this exquisite poet, his works are scattered far and wide, like chaff.—They are to be found every where; and whether singing of a Republic, a flag, a waterfall, or a hay-stack, we find in all that frank, hearty, honest, manly style, which despises ornament, cultivates simplicity, and which may be written, with practice, at the rate of an acre a day. We have been furnished with the following per last steamer, and the admirers of Tupper will readily perceive the qualities enumerated above, sufficient vouchers, we think, for its authenticity.—*Carpet Bag.*]

Wherever I wander, wherever I roam,
Wherever I travel about,
I always remember—I never forget
To try and find everything out;
To try and investigate—that is my plan,
All there is that is noble and grand,
And *therefore* I'm going to sing of the man
Who carries his fist in his hand.

What though he can't boast of a long pedigree?
Yes, brothers and friends, what of that?
We all have one Father in Adam—d'ye see—
We are all his descendants—*that's flat.*
He's a brother to *you* and a brother to me,
In whatever position we stand—
And Adam, no doubt, would be happy to see
His son with his fist in his hand!

Then away with all humbug, and canting, and stuff,
Away with all humbug and cant!
Why should we complain of not having enough,
When we all have as much as we want?
Let us all be good fellows—it's wisest and best
To be foremost and first in the band,
And to honor the worthiest more than the rest,
The man with his fist in his hand.

LOVE IN THE WATER.—A correspondent of the New York Express, writing from Newport, the famous watering place, tells the following good story:

It seems that among the bathers the other day, there were a lady and gentleman, who, it must be confessed, had shown a slight partiality for each other's society. An immense wave unhappily carried the lady off her feet, and the consequence was a plunge in deep water. The gentleman who was not far off, hastened to her rescue, and on pulling her out, she breathlessly exclaimed, with her mouthful of water:

"Oh! Augustus—dear—take—me. I perish—mercy—Augustus—and—oh—oh—oh—take me!"

"Thanks, dearest," exclaimed Augustus, "you have made me very happy."

"Thanks? for what?" coldly exclaimed the lady, taking a long breath.

"For your favorable answer to my proposal," said Augustus.

"Proposal! I heard none."

"Oh, yes! but you did, my dear, I made it when you were under the water, and you said yes, and told me to take you, and I mean to take you at your word."

"Ah—well—dear me—ask pa."

A PRECOCIOUS SMITH.—The elder Smith was somewhat astonished one evening at finding a berry pie for tea—a rather remarkable thing in his gastronomical experience, for Mr. Smith indulged in few luxuries, for reasons which will be understood by people of limited means. It was an excellent pie, the chef d'œuvre of the culinary skill of Mrs. Smith, who prided herself upon what she could do, if she only had the "gredi-ences." Smith, Jr., numbering some three summers, sat opposite his sire.

"My son," said the old 'un, during a pause in the work of mastication, "did your mother make this pie to day?"

"Certainly," said the precocious youth, "she didn't, of course, make it to-morrow."

The elder Smith looked mournfully at the miniature edition of himself, then wiping the crumbs from his mouth, and ejaculating "So young!" he left the house.

A TABLE TO CALCULATE SERVANTS' WAGES.—Put down, first of all, the nominal wages received by your servant, which, by calculation, you will find to be the exact half of twice as much. Then subtract the fresh butter from the pantry, and the product will show you how often the best Dorset will go into the tub of kitchen-stuff. Then work out the sum—as the parlor Stilton is to the Dutch cheese, so is the cold meat to the young man who stands outside the area of an evening. Divide the contents of the tea-caddy into what you use yourself and what is used for you, and the quotient will be as one to six. Write these several results upon a slate, and, by adding them up carefully, you will be enabled to calculate how much your servant cost you.

SINGULAR SWINDLE.—At Geneva, in New York State, a few days since, a well dressed stranger engaged two boys to row him out upon the lake in a small skiff, agreeing to pay them *sixpence* for the labor. When about a mile from shore, he deliberately leaped overboard and was drowned, omitting to fulfil his stipulation! A day or two after, his body was fished up, and, upon searching his pockets, it was found that he had but *one cent* upon his person. It is needless to warn the public against this impostor.

SENSIBLE NEGRO.—A negro in Boston had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and [illegible] it—but all to no purpose. Finally, [illegible] "Ache away, old feller—ache away, [illegible]"

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

"If the Americans do excite a smile, it is by their pretensions," said the London "Times" six weeks ago. Very well; if Englishmen excite a smile, it is by their stolid impudence.—The advantage, we believe, is on our side, altogether. There is no shamming in American pretensions; there is an abundance of it in what is worse in an Englishman's impudence. Brother Jonathan assumes a superiority which he understands himself, and which he is impatient to have the whole world understand; John Bull claims a superiority which he does not understand himself, but which, in his stupid conceit, he fancies he can impose upon the understanding of all mankind, by the mere force of brazen assumption. Both, we dare say, swagger too much; but the swaggering of the one is that of young Harry Hotspur, fiery and impulsive, with every nerve quivering with joyful ardor, and a lust for glorious deeds; and the swaggering of the other is that of that "vanity in years," Sir John Falstaff, who, though he was no better, nor wiser, nor braver than he should be, was ever full of "base comparison," and "throngs of words that come with much more than impudent sauciness."

English effrontery defies all measurement or calculation. It is inexhaustible in quantity, and infinite in its manifestations. It has, however, one virtue; though in its spirit it is unchangeable, in its form it will adapt itself to circumstances. It has sensibility enough to feel when the laugh is turned against it, and in that case is never backward to shift its bearings, even if it have to turn a very short corner in order to do so. We heard a good deal of the "striped bunting at the mast of a few crazy old hulks," in 1811, but in 1812, or thereabouts, the joke was dropped, and John has kept very clear of it ever since.

A few years ago, he asked, contemptuously, "Who reads an American book?" Twit him upon the matter now, and he straightway grows red in the face—whether from shame or anger, we can hardly tell—and turns upon you after the style of his Shakesperian counterpart—

"No more of that, as thou lov'st me, Hal!"

'Tis hardly more than a twelve-month ago, when John lavished all of the resources of his wit upon the first Collins' steamship seen in the Mersey. He laughed awhile, and then let her go home, freighted with little cargo and much ridicule. But John, though somewhat famed for making a fool of himself on a very slight provocation, has done chuckling about that matter.

At the opening of the Crystal Palace, John fairly cudgelled his brains, week in and week out, for abuse of the American contributions.—He fairly exhausted his wind and bottom in showing up the "ridiculous, grotesque, tawdry, clumsy, gingerbread, patchwork, journeyman-made, mongrel constructions, that belong to a people who would be centaurs and mermen if they could, and are always rebelling against the trammels of unity." After John had pretty well let off his spleen, the time came for putting some of these ridiculous Yankee notions to the test. The ploughs, whose lightness and fragility made them only fit for fancy gardening, were set in action in the stiffest soil before an agricultural jury, and John, when he witnessed their ease of draught and efficiency of execution, was quite amazed; and the very next thing he did was to buy all he could lay hands upon, and to order a score or more to be shipped at New York, at his own risk. A reaping machine—which John in his bilious facetiousness had characterized as "a cross between an Astley's Chariot, a treadmill, and a flying machine"—was taken into a grain-field and put into operation. John looked on as pompous as King Cambyses, but a thousand times more innocent of the real science of reaping than the greenest Yankee bumpkin. As he saw a clean swarth ten feet wide opening before him as fast as a span of horses could walk, and work done by a single American in an hour which twenty Englishmen, the summer before, had not done in a day, he gave his skull a scratch or two, sends back word that the thing would "secure, to English farming, protection against climate, and an economy of labor which must prove of incalculable advantage," and can now hardly restrain his own eagerness to get some of them over the water in time for the present harvest. A Yankee picks the crack lock of England in twenty-four minutes and a half; another brings in an American lock, with a thousand dollar bill under it, and Englishmen of every breed try their hand at it for forty-five days in vain, even though the real keys were given them with which to operate. John is beginning to find out the meaning and the use of some of the Yankee "gimcracks" in the Exhibition, and is now showing a very marked inclination to *drop the subject.* And yet he knows nothing of the thousand other inventions, of equal worth, we have chosen, for reasons best known to ourselves, to keep at home.

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Well, John is, after all, at bottom, a downright good fellow, and considering who, and what we are, we can afford to be a little blind to his faults, and not a little kind to his virtues.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

Selected Articles.

JUDGE WHITE AND FATHER AXLEY

"I went up one evening," said Judge White, "to the Methodist Church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted, but Father Axley was in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon, he arose and said to the congregation, 'I am not going to detain you by delivering an exhortation; I have arisen merely to administer a rebuke for improper conduct which I have observed here to-night.' This, of course, woke up the entire assembly, and the stillness was profound, while Axley stood and looked for several seconds over the congregation. Then stretching out his large, long arm, and pointing with his finger in one direction, he said, 'Now, I calculate that those two young men who were talking in that corner of the house while the brother was preaching, think that I am going to talk about them. Well, it is true, when well-dressed young men, who, you would suppose from their appearance, belonged to some respectable family, come to the House of God, and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him who dwelleth therein, or attending to the message of His everlasting love, get together in one corner of the house, (his finger all the while pointing steady and straight as the aim of a rifle-man,) and there during the whole solemn service, keep talking and tittering, laughing and giggling, thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation, and sinning against God, I am sorry for the young men, sorry for their parents. I am sorry they have done so to-night. I hope they will not do so again. But, however, that's not the thing I was going to talk about. It's another matter, so important that I thought it would be wrong to let the congregation depart without administering a suitable rebuke. Now,' said he, stretching out his arm and pointing in another direction, 'perhaps the man who was asleep out there on the bench, while the brother was preaching, thinks that I am going to talk about him. I must confess that it looks very bad for a man to come into a worshipping assembly, and instead of taking a seat and listening to the blessed gospel, carelessly stretching himself on a bench and going to sleep. It is not only a proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows that the poor man has been so unfortunate in his bringing up as not to have been taught good manners. He does not know what is polite and respectful in a worshipping assembly, among whom he has come to mingle. I'm sorry for the poor man. I'm sorry for the family to which he belongs. I'm sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But, however, this is not what I was going to talk about.' Thus, Father Axley went on for some time, 'boxing the compass,' hitting a number of persons and things that 'he was not going to talk about,' and hitting hard until the curiosity of the audience was raised to the highest pitch, when finally he remarked:

"'The thing which I was going to talk about was, chewing tobacco. Now, I do hope, when any gentleman comes to church who can't keep from chewing tobacco during the hours of worship, that he will just take his hat and use it for a spit box. You all know we are Methodists. You all know that our custom is to kneel when we pray. Now any gentleman may see in a moment, how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well-dressed Methodist lady to be compelled to kneel in a puddle of tobacco-spit.'

"Now, at this time I had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and train of remark strongly arrested my attention. While he was striking to the right and to the left, hitting those things which he was not going to talk about, my curiosity was busy to find out what he was aiming at. I was chewing my large quid, and spitting with much rapidity, and looking up to the preacher to catch [illegible]

WONDERS OF THE SPIDER.

The cultivation or neglect of the senses makes most of the difference between one man's knowledge and another's. The one sees, the other observes; one hears, the other listens. What follows may serve as an exemplification of this. I was sitting in the library of a friend, when a childish visitor there said to my friend's daughter, a bright girl of eleven years,

"What are you looking at so steadily, Sara?"

"A spider."

"A spider! Horror! Why don't you kill it? There, there it goes towards you, Mrs. Rodney."

"The little beast!" said, or rather shrieked the lady addressed, jumping from her chair and gathering her dress close about her; "do ring the bell, Sara, if you don't like to kill the detestable thing, and let Patrick take it off."

"Oh, I'll take it away myself, if you dislike it so much."

"Dislike it! my dear child, I have a horror of spiders. I cannot forgive a servant that leaves a cobweb in my room."

"Mrs. Rodney," exclaimed Sara, with simple wonder at the grown-up lady's excessive hatred of the poor little animal, "they will not hurt you; there are some species of spiders that are venomous, but the house spider is perfectly harmless. See the poor thing now, when I touch him with my pencil, how he rolls himself up into a ball, and shams dead; and pray just look at that beautiful web. See the circles, concentric, and the radiations from the centre. I love dearly to watch a spider constructing one of these beautiful networks—perfect geometrical forms, my father says."

"And did you ever reflect what he weaves these lovely things for?" asked Mrs. Rodney, expressing in her face contempt for Sara's admiration.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; it is a store-house for his provender."

"Rather say a prison for his prey, where he devours it at leisure."

"All animals, I believe, Mrs. Rodney, have some mode appointed by their Creator of supplying their hunger. Man kills, and men, women and children eat. The poor spider does no more than the rest of us. Now do, Mrs. Rodney, and you, Anne, come and examine this web, and I think you will feel some interest in the little spinner that made it."

Mrs. Rodney did examine it, and confessed that it was wonderful; but little Miss Anne asked, with an air of great superiority, if Sara thought it was a cleanly fashion to have those spider draperies about one's room. Sara confessed, with a sigh, that it was not, but said, at the same time, that she never saw the ruthless sweeping away of cobwebs without a pang.

"But pray, Sara, what gave you such an interest in spiders?"

"Looking at them at their work, Mrs. Rodney. My uncle was always telling me to 'keep my eyes and ears open.' He turned my attention to the observation of insects and of all domestic animals, and to the wonderful instincts their Creator had given them to sustain life. He once showed me, when I was quite a child, a spider through a microscope. Do you know that they have eight bright little eyes, without lids, and eight feet with claws at the end of them? Papa read me a charming account from Irving's Life of Goldsmith, of a spider that loved good company, I suppose, as he made himself a habitation in that pleasant man's room; and pleasant and gifted as he was, he seems to have had some delightful moments in observing the spider's ways of going on. Do read it, and read it to Anne, Mrs. Rodney. I have read some very curious particulars of a spider, in a delightful book called '*La Ruche.*' A lady placed a spider in a glass goblet on her mantel-piece, that she might observe its habitudes. This spider, like all others of its kind, had a taste for music. Whenever the lady played on her harp, the spider came to the edge of the goblet to listen more at its ease. It is told of Pelisson, in the Bastile, that he had a spider which he called to him by music. In this same book,—'*La Ruche,*'—there is a pretty Oriental legend cited, in answer to some one who asks, 'Of what use is a spider?' King David often asked of God, why he had made spiders, which were, as David said, of no use. God showed him that they might be useful. One day, while he was endeavoring to escape from his enemy Saul, he took refuge in a cave, where he remained for several hours. During this time, a spider wove his web over the opening of the cave. Some time after, David heard the King and his soldiers passing. One of them said to the King, 'Sire, he is there, perhaps.' 'Oh,' replied the King, laughing, 'do you not see that unbroken web?' David, thus preserved, prayed God to pardon him for having supposed that any one of his creatures could be useless. This is but a fable," added Sara, "but fables sometimes teach us truths. I believe that it is told in the true history of Mahomet, that he was once preserved from a pursuing enemy, in the very mode here imputed to King David."

By this time Anne's feelings had considerably changed, and she stood in a chair to observe more closely the spider's web.

"What in the world," she asked, "does he spin the web of—out of nothing?"

"Oh, no, dear Anne; from a viscous secretion; threads so fine that they can only be seen by a microscope, issue through a multitude of little holes, and, joined together, form but one thread. It is stated in '*La Ruche,*' that these imperceptible threads issue in a shower of five thousand. A great naturalist asserts that it would require five millions of those threads to make one as coarse as a single hair of his beard. So you see, dear Anne, that man, with all his art, cannot equal that poor little scared spinner, yet lying there like a lifeless ball—that odious, detestable little beast."

Both Mrs. Rodney and Anne began to feel some respect for the spider, but Anne was not yet ready to abandon the whole ground.

"You must own, Sara," she said, "that they are dirty creatures."

"No, I shall allow no such charge; their web is at first white, but is soon discolored by the dust. This annoys the spider, and he beats it off the web with his foot. Sometimes, by running over the web, he sweeps the dust into little balls, and throws it out of his habitation. There is an anecdote of the maternal love of the spider, told by Bonnet, the naturalist; but you will laugh at it, Mrs. Rodney."

"I promise you I will not."

"Here it is, then. The eggs of a spider are contained in a sack of a pea's size, attached to its body. Bonnet, desirous to test this maternal love, threw a spider with its sack into the nest of a lion-ant, a cruel insect, which hides itself in holes in the sand. The poor mother-spider tried to escape, but could not and save its sack. She tried in vain to defend it. The rapacious insect seized it. The mother might have escaped, but chose to remain and perish with her young."

"Dear Sara," exclaimed Mrs. Rodney, "you have cured me of my antipathy. You have taught me that it is far better to study God's creatures than ignorantly to contemn them. I by shutting my eyes and indulging a silly recoiling, have remained in ignorance; you, by keeping yours open, have acquired pleasing knowledge."

"And as for me," said Anne, "I will henceforth adopt your uncle's motto, and '*keep my eyes and ears open.*'"

We recommend it to all our young friends likewise to adopt this wise motto. They will perceive in their every-day walks, under their own roofs, in the meanest insect that creeps over the ground, illustrations of the wondrous skill and infinite love of their Creator, which will expand their minds and raise their thoughts from the creature to the Creator, from earth to heaven.—*Am. Messenger.*

THE GRAVES IN THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery, the King and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laughter-loving Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious *Fisher*; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or where the lover of the good or wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "Middle Passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah.—Never can I forget my days and nights as I passed over the noblest of cemeteries without a single human monument.—*Giles.*

THE BLINDNESS OF SELF-LOVE.—(*There is an old English legend that the lord and the toad have changed places.*) [illegible]

SONG.

Some love the glow of outward show—
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!
What's all the gold that glitters cold,
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

A lowly roof may give us proof
That lowly flowers are often fairest;
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark,
May yield us fruit and bloom the rarest!
There's worth as sure 'neath garments poor,
As e'er adorned a loftier station;
And minds as just as those, we trust,
Whose claim is but of Wealth's creation!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

TAMING WILD HORSES.

Many wild horses are still caught at Cojuntiro. One day a party of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on well disciplined steeds, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Perched amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty emerged from behind it, and bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced by the mounted natives, who strained their swift animals to their greatest capacity; never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, while a mass of hoofs were rising and falling with a rapidity which showed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his fingers. By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spurs into his charger, in order to increase his speed, if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them; not one escaped—and ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cojuntiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with creamy foam. The best horses being selected from the herd, and properly secured, the others were again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives, of breaking them, cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable in the course of two or three days.

One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the operation. In the largest inclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud neighing voice ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter, of at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and bare-chested natives. Soon a noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks, stationed on the opposite side of the enclosure. They then pulled with all their strength one way, while those who had hold of the halter exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken and temporarily overcome the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed as he sought in vain, by superhuman exertions, to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck; his breathing became more and more difficult, and might have been heard at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flesh. At last, overwhelmed with the intensity of his agony, and powerless from suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning consciousness began to light his glazed eyes—the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he was once more on his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood, in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil an hour before! Weak—hardly able to stand—his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray, he looked like a miserable spectre of his former self—like a monarch dragged from his throne, who had been scoffed at by those whom he had before despised, and forced to be a wretched and miserable slave!

The persecution of the horse was now by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, he was mounted by a naked Indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however, was but little hurt, and in a few moments again resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off; in fact, the horse and his rider, being nearly of the same color, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a large rope, and forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged, or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native, with a heavy knotted cord swinging around his head, would give him a terrible blow on his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour, was quite tractable.

THEATRICAL FACTS.

That melo-dramas always open with a company of soldiers sitting by a large table, at the door of a village inn; or, with a band of boar hunters, that come down and range themselves before the foot-lights, and sing a song in praise of the chase.

That hunters always dress in green skirts, and hold long spears, exceedingly blunt, but glittering with tin foil; and that the soldiers generally wear red coats, and that they always drink from japanned tin [illegible] emptied at one swallow.

[illegible]

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

It has often seemed to us a strange thing that Americans should cross the water to view the natural wonders of Europe, who have never taken the trouble to look at the magnificent scenery that skirts the rivers and lakes of our own land, or dwells in lonely majesty among the mountains that rear their woody crests in long continued lines from North to South. Yet we have known many of our countrymen rapturous over the watery masses that are precipitated at Schaffhausen, or wild with enthusiasm at the foam and frenzy of the endless Leap of Terni, who knew not that one tone of the mighty organ of Niagara would sink into insignificance and silence all the blended sounds of all the cascades of Europe. Hundreds of our citizens, ascending the Rhine, protest with unbounded confidence that there is nothing in the world to be compared to it in river scenery, not aware that the castle-heights that guard the stately going-forth of the Hudson's waves, if less picturesque, have yet a grandeur of expanse, a splendor of variety, and an impressive charm of stern sublimity, with which the unvarying beauty of the German stream cannot be compared. We are by no means inclined to diminish, by a single unit, that crowd of voyagers that annually passes from our shores to do homage at the shrines of the art and genius and multiform glory of the Old World.—On the contrary, so convinced are we of the benefits of an enlarged acquaintance with different soils, that we should say to every American of mature intelligence and easy fortune, "Go abroad for two or three years." But we should add to this advice, "Go not abroad until you can take with you, in your mind, the just measure of the natural, social, and intellectual greatness of your own country." The principal reason why many persons, especially young men, return from travel with feelings of indifference or contempt for their own nation, is, that they set out with a very imperfect knowledge of what their own country contains that is worthy to command the respect and admiration of judgment and taste. Having no settled standards in their minds—no such acquaintance with high domestic models as would enable them to form just comparative estimates of the superiority of what they meet with—every thing that is excellent comes upon them with the enchantment of novelty, and leaves a brilliance of impression that later information acquired as to the merits of home possessions cannot successfully contend against. How can a man fairly measure the pretensions of the Lake of Geneva who does not know Lake George? Or how can he determine the respective claims of European and American mountains upon the curiosity and wonder of the lover of nature's marvellous formations, if he has not explored the vast caves of Virginia and Kentucky, and visited the Natural Bridge, gazed from the Hawk's Nest, or made himself familiar with the many other points of surpassing interest which the great chain of the Alleghanies reveals to the eye that loves and seeks the beautiful? It appears to us equally indispensable to an honest and intelligent appreciation of national pretensions that an American traveller should have acquainted himself before setting out with what his country is, mentally and personally, in those scenes where an individual greatness is seen in its only full and combined effect—the national halls of legislation. Probably a majority of those who visit England have never been at Washington. At London they hear for the first time the speeches of really eminent statesmen; and, delighted by the attractions attendant upon superior oratory, which perhaps they were wholly strangers to before, they receive an indelible impression of the unrivalled eloquence of the debates in the British Parliament. Had they passed a few weeks in the Capitol, during the active part of a session, they would have been effectively secured from the enchantment of English oratory. They would not only have seen that foreign nations exhibit nothing to be for an instant measured against such men as Webster or Clay, but they would have found the general standard of eloquence, ability, and accomplishment higher in our own halls of legislation than in those of any kingdom in Europe.—*Home Journal.*

INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

Thrushes feed very much on snails, looking for them in mossy banks. Having frequently observed some broken snail shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of the spot which would keep the shell in one position.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet; somewhat in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird. The lapwing also frequents the haunts of moles.—These animals, when in pursuit of worms, on which they feed, frighten them, and the worm, in attempting to escape, comes to the surface of the ground, where it is seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been related of the gull.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

NATURAL RELIGION.—We have been not a little amused with the following definition of the religion of "nature," furnished by the Yankee Blade. It comes remarkably near the truth—

1. Look out for number one.
2. Use others all you can, and let them "use" you as little as possible.
3. Get money; honestly, if you can, but—get money.
4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can.
5. Every one for himself, and the d——l take the hindmost.

Here you have the whole thing in a nut shell. There is no use of inking whole reams of paper with explanations of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrine in which the world believes and which is practiced upon by a vast majority of the people of every nation on the globe.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 8, 13, 3, 9, is a mountain in Arabia.
My 2, 3, 5, 13, is a very useful metal.
My 3, 9, 17, 17, is a town in Arabia.
My 4, 9, 10, 11, 9, is a country in Palestine.
My 5, 15, 11, 13, is a river in Siberia.
My 6, 9, 16, 10, is a town in Arabia.
My 7, 11, 13, 13, 12, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 3, 9, 15, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 9, 1, 3, 9, is one of the grand divisions of the globe.
My 10, 9, 13, is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 15, 12, is a town in England.
My 12, 11, 13, 1, 11, 1, 8, is a river in Siberia.
My 13, 11, 16, 6, 3, 13, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 3, 11, 15, is a small town in Russia.
My 15, 11, 11, 16, 17, is a large town in England.
My 16, 11, 3, 13, 11, is a city in Baden.
My 17, 11, 9, 13, 11, is a river in France.
My whole was a celebrated English painter.
Westport, Missouri. L. S. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is used distance to show;
Containing many feet.
My next in public streets, be sure
You will most always meet.
My whole gives to the traveller cheer,
And serves to show what place is near.
Virginia. ALBERTI.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a certain triangle is equal to a hundred perches; the rectangle between the first and second sides is equal to the square of the third side, and the third side is to the first as one to three. What are the sides of the triangle? E. B. WEAVER.
Earl Township, Lancaster county, Pa.

TEA CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What kind of tea makes one's head the lightest? Ans.—Insanity.

☞ What kind of tea is least sought after? Ans.—Calamity.

☞ What tea is that which is most valued? Ans.—Liberty.

☞ What kind of tea is most liked by candidates for office? Ans.—Majority.

☞ What is the best flavored tea? Ans.—Generosity.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Daniel Webster.

COLLEGIATE ENIGMA.
College of New Jersey at Princeton

PROBLEM.
112 years, 327 days, 20 hours, 14 1-2 minutes.

CHARADE.—Stocking.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A short letter written with a pig pen.
[illegible]
[illegible] county, Ohio. O. K. S.

Agricultural.

THE BEST TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

In the Agricultural Department of the Report from the Commissioner on Patents, William Painter, of Concordville, Pa., makes the following communication:

During an experience of more than forty years, as a plain, practical farmer, I have taken much interest in ascertaining the best season for felling timber, and I now state with confidence, that flowing timber, such as all kinds of oak, chesnut, red hickory and walnut, cut from the middle of July to the last of August, will last more than twice as long as when cut in winter, or commencing time in the spring.

For instance, cut a sapling, say five or six inches in diameter, for a lever, in the month of August, and another of similar quality and size in winter or spring. I *know*, if the first is stripped of its bark, (which, at the present time, runs well,) it will raise, as a lever, at least *twice* the weight that can be raised by the latter.

Another great advantage derived from felling timber in the last running of the sap, (the time above specified,) is, that it is neither subject to dry rot, nor to be injured by worms; while oak, cut at this season, if kept on the ground, will season through two feet in diameter, and remain perfectly sound many years; whereas, if cut in winter or spring, it will be perfectly sap rotten in two years.

For ship building and other purposes where great expense is incurred in construction, the immense advantage of preparing the timber at the proper season must be evident to all. I have no doubt a ship built of timber cut between the middle of July and the last of August, would last nearly twice as long as one built of timber cut at the usual time, and would bear infinitely more hard usage, as the timbers season more perfectly, and are harder. A few years since, one of the large Government ships, built in Philadelphia, of the very best of materials, had several years in construction, when ordered to be finished and launched, was found, upon inspection, to be entirely worthless in many of the timbers, (though kept under cover) from dry rot. In all my buildings for many years past, with large timbers of white or other oak, this has never occurred, nor are they subject to be worm eaten. Even fire-wood, cut at the proper season, is worth from 30 to 50 per cent. more than when cut in spring or winter.

Mr. Emerson, in his Report on trees and shrubs, of Massachusetts, asserts that the soft maple cut in September, is three times more lasting than ash or walnut cut in the winter.

The inference to be drawn from the facts brought to light by experiment, is this: There are two seasons suitable for cutting wood or timber. If you desire it to last long, cut it during the last of summer or early part of autumn; if it is wished to clothe the surface of the ground with a new growth of trees, the cutting should be made late in winter.

ECONOMY OF FRUITS.

Every man of family who keeps a good supply of stewing and baking apples of his own raising, saves much otherwise to be paid to the miller or butcher. Or if he raises his own grain and meat, an equal amount is thus reserved for market.—Then, what a valuable addition to the comfort, variety and luxury of the table: By the first of summer, the thick masses of strawberries begin to redden in the sun, and half-a-dozen quarts of this melting crimson fruit may be had each day for the table, from as many half-rod beds.—Cherries, currants, and raspberries continue through the first half of summer, followed by early juicy apples; rich bloom-dusted plums; golden, perfumed apricots; and buttery and melting pears.

Now we do not say, as some mistakenly remark, that this fine and delicious supply costs nothing after the trees are planted, for good fruit cannot be relied on, unless the ground is well cultivated and manured. But it does not cost half as much to cultivate an acre of fruit, as an acre of potatoes or corn; while the amount obtained is greater than either; and all ready for the table, without going through the process which the grain crop requires, of threshing, and winnowing, and grinding, and kneading, and baking.

By planting rich, high-flavored apples for stewing and for pies, instead of poor and insipid ones, each family may save fifty, a hundred, or two hundred pounds of sugar annually, in sweetening and spices. A friend of ours finds it cheaper to buy good fall pippins for fifty cents a bushel, than poor sorts sold as "cooking apples," for fifteen cents a bushel. He uses the Talman Sweetings largely for puddings, and thinks that an Indian apple pudding, made by this natural sweetening, the cheapest and best pudding in the world. He saves from $65 to $100 annually in the cost of his table, by his fruit.

SURFACE MANURING AND COMPOSTING.—I am an advocate for surface manuring, and have derived much information and a degree of confidence in the system, from the perusal of the excellent article on that subject by your venerable correspondent M. A., of Pembroke, who has, in a very summary manner, said about all that need be added, in his communication of July 19th.—Permit me to copy from its contents a few paragraphs, that embrace about a little volume. He says: "The evaporations from manure are represented as very great, and embracing gases the most nutritive to plants which it contains. The gases escape from the manure heap to find their appropriate home in the nourishment of plants. In the season of vegetation they are continually floating in the atmosphere, and we attract them to the soil in stirring its surface. The supposition of the writer has been, that well composted manure draws *more* from the atmosphere than it looses by evaporation; the correctness of the supposition he thinks has been proved in his experience. The most productive and enduring grass-fields have been manured exclusively on the surface."

I had long come to the conclusion, that the evaporation from manure spread on the surface could not have been very wasteful, for such men as M. A., B. V. French, and others whom I could mention, and whom I respect as amongst the most intelligent and discerning persons of which the country can boast, would have been the most likely men to have discovered it, but the above paragraph sets the question to rest, and accounts for the hitherto unexplained cause, why top-dressers are able to support themselves, and make both ends meet at the end of the year, while their deep-sea friends around them, are, many of them, found stuck in the mire! Will M. A. accept my thanks for his valuable theory, which I shall now practice fearlessly with regard to results, maugre the lectures that have been delivered, to show that unless ammonia be *fixed*, that is, *killed*, it will evaporate, to the *detriment* of the crop and the ruin of the cultivator; all which I no longer believe a word about, sensible as I now am, that "well composted manure draws more from the atmosphere than it loses by evaporation." This is the key to the mystery that has so long hung over the subject of surface-dressing, and has solved the question, "How is it that top-dressers can support themselves and pay rent?"—*Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.*

TO PREVENT HORSES BEING TEASED WITH FLIES.—Take two or three handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a tea kettle, and let it boil a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, namely: between and upon the ears, the neck, flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive a benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

CALIFORNIA WHEAT.—Mrs. Farnham, of California, has sent the editor of the New York Evening Post a sample of wheat grown on her rancho at Santa Cruz, 80 miles from San Francisco. The ears are very long, full, and heavy, weighing at the rate of about four to the ounce, and the crop of twenty-five acres is expected to yield one hundred bushels to the acre. The sample sent wears the golden livery of the country, but is a far more favorable omen of California's prosperity than any thing which she has ever produced before.

HORSERADISH.—Horseradish root is good for cattle. It [illegible]

The Olio.

PEACHES IN BRAZIL.—From a series of very interesting sketches of Brazil, in the Boston Recorder, from the pen of Mr. George S. Raymond, who has spent several years in that country, we extract the following:—

Were a real genuine Jerseyman to be taken from his native State, and without previous warning set down on some one of the many beautiful plains which are found along the Northern and Western banks of the Banda Oriental, about the head waters of the tributaries of the *Rio Grande*, in Southern Brazil, and there to behold a score of sturdy negro slaves, naked to the waist, engaged in felling the beautiful peach trees laden with luscious fruit; and were he to be told that this was done for the purpose of procuring fire-wood, to supply some neighboring market, or perhaps for the purpose of opening out a plantation for the growth of Indian corn and potatoes, he would scarcely credit his own senses, and be ready to exclaim, "Sacrilege! vandalism!"

And yet such is the fact. Many of the small towns and villages, on the extreme Western limits of Brazil, are supplied with fuel almost exclusively from the peach forests in the neighborhood; and many beautiful plantations have been opened within a few years, along the Eastern banks of the Uruguay and Parana Rivers, which were formerly a dense growth of peach trees. The trees grow spontaneously along nearly the whole length of those rivers, and are found in native orchards, scattered here and there, throughout the vast pampas of Buenos Ayres, and even in the mountain passes of the towering Andes.

Notwithstanding this wholesale destruction of the truly delicious and wholesome fruit; the peach is perhaps cultivated to greater perfection in Western Brazil, and the adjacent country of Paraguay, than in any other part of the world, New Jersey not excepted.

HOW TO SECURE LOVE.—A shrewd fortune-teller named Imogene H. Lord, at New Orleans, writes to a green and love-lorn spinster named Jane Stockton, the following receipt for love, at a cost of one dollar:

"A great press of business has prevented your letter being replied to earlier. The following is the method in question:—The first thing to be done is to discover whether you have a rival or not in the affections of the person whom you wish to secure. If so, procure one single hair, pulled from his head on Friday; pour rain-water on it, and bury it in oak ashes; then take a lock of the gentleman's hair, cut at the full of the moon; if dark, containing just one hundred hairs; if light, fifty: bathe it with your tears four times. Next, take a lock of your own, cut at new moon; if dark, containing twenty-four hairs; if light, thirty. Contrive to get the gentleman to kiss it twice. Lastly, put the lock of his hair in your right shoe, and the lock of yours in your left; wear them thus for three months, taking them out every night, and placing them under your pillow; using all the time the gentlest and most winning manners towards the person whose affection you wish to secure, showing no jealousy, envy, or anger; and by the end of that period he will love you devotedly."

ANECDOTE OF DAGUERRE.—M. Dumas, a short time since, related the following interesting anecdote of Daguerre:—In 1827 he was lecturing in the Theatre of the Sorbonne, on chemistry. At the close of his lecture a lady came up to him and said—

"Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter—for some time he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the images of the camera—do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it; I am afraid he is out of his mind; do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?"

"In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his idea out, and fixed the images; but many a man, so haunted by a possibility, has been tormented in a mad-house.

THE SPANIARD.—Cruelty to Spain, the Albany Dutchman truly remarks, is as hereditary as pride and treachery. The people of Madrid are no more capable of mercy, than they are of conducting a penny newspaper. The only time they feel for a fellow creature is when they are feeling for his heart. The killing of fifty unarmed Americans, in the streets of Havana, is a great piece of atrocity, we admit; but what is it to the enormities committed by Cortez in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru? What is it to the tortures which Spain inflicted on the Moors in 1608, and the Jews at all times. Wherever Spain has erected her flag, she has opened a slaughter-house. In Mexico, she shed blood enough under her "conquerors" to float a frigate, while Pizarro in Peru, waged so merciless a warfare that in some districts the graves outnumbered the people. Pizarro was Spain personified—cunning, base and remorseless. He had but one redeeming virtue, and that was a dread of poison.

BAD TEMPER.—It is martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear the eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is in time a sore trial. It seems nothing, but it is a perpetual nettle, always rubbing against you, and irritating and annoying you more than the severest injuries.—Worst of all is a bad temper in the house. Its influence is irresistibly diffused through all its members. The sweetest temper is by degrees soured by the presence of such a person.

You may say that one ought not to feel the bad temper of another, but it would be equally reasonable to lay a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect. One uncomfortable temper in a family will, like a raw North-East wind, chill the whole family circle, and seems to have power to penetrate into every room of the house.

BLINDNESS OF BOOK PUBLISHERS.—The number of genuine works that have been refused by "the trade," is extraordinary. "The Fathers," as Southey calls them, are a timid race. Novelty is the worst characteristic of a book with them; good, common-place matter, is the safer card. It has ever been so. Not to speak of "Paradise Lost," and works of olden times—in our days "Pelham" was refused, and "Vestiges of Creation" was refused; and "Mary Barton," and "Jane Eyre" went the round of the trade. "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a magazine. We need not wonder, then, that no one would undertake "Robinson Crusoe." It was at last bought for a mere trifle by an obscure book-seller; while if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune.

The Flower Garden.

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.—A friend presented us, a day or two since, with a curiosity in the shape of a flower, which, we think, is one of the greatest wonders of the floral kingdom we have seen. It is about the size of a walnut, perfectly white, with fine leaves resembling very much indeed the wax plant. Upon the blooming of the flower, in the cup formed by leaves, is the exact image of a dove lying on its back, with its wings extended. The peak of the bill and the eyes are plainly to be seen, and a small leaf before the flower arrives at maturity forms the outspread tail. This leaf can be raised or shut down with the fingers without breaking or apparently injuring it, until the flower reaches its full bloom, when it drops.—*Panama Star.*

GROUPING OF FLOWERS.—One word on *grouping*, according to forms and colors, as well as heights, and I have done. The care to bring complementary colors together, has sometimes a fine effect—as in case of vivid orange-scarlet, and azure blue—the scarlet of Smith's Geranium, Scarlet Lichnis, or Defiance Verbena, with the blue of Salvia patens, Campanula Coboea, and the blue Nemophila. White and scarlet, orange with purple, yellow with blue, pink with white or deep purple, look well. Next your Scarlet Geraniums place a knot of Candytuft, or pin down a blue Salvia. In another place, or on the other side of the Geranium, set double white Feverfews. Then a mass of blue Nemophila or of white Verbenas, beside Ranson's Defiance, (I am talking of Verbenas)—yet eclipse, Britt's Rosy or Beauty Supreme, with Frost's purple. St. Margaret with Othello, or the common purple Verbena. Star masses of new blue Convolvulus; next Eschscholtzia, (Cheyne's) and masses of Calystegia, set with masses of the new Plumbago larpentæ. Flowers should also be grouped in the borders according to their forms. Double white Feverfews, and purple Senecios, together. Malope, purple and white Lavatera, and African (annual) Hibiscus, together. Scarlet and orange colored [illegible]
—*Breck's Book of Flowers.*